

THE AMERICAN
Legion
MAGAZINE OCT. 1947



Blueprint for World War III

By W. H. B. SMITH

GIVE NOW TO YOUR
COMMUNITY CHEST



This is the **LONG** and **SHORT** of Greyhound Travel!

The **BIG MAN** and the **LITTLE GIRL** are pictured here to remind you that Greyhound offers just as attractive service on *short trips* as on *long ones*. Greyhound has gained World fame for carrying millions of passengers, in cushioned comfort, to all of the 48 States, up into

Canada and down to Mexico. But it also offers frequent *local* service in nearly all parts of America . . . convenient trips to nearby towns—to schools, factories and farm communities—hundreds of which have no other public transportation.

SHORT trips by Greyhound start on such frequent schedules that passengers save hours of precious time. There is no driving strain—no bother of parking or storing your car at destination. Buses used on local trips have the seat comfort and riding ease that distinguish Greyhound long-distance coaches.

LONG trips by Greyhound give millions of people full use of America's fine scenic highways, at lowest fares in transportation, and with convenience that's unequaled. You can go two or three times as far on a dollar as you can driving your own car—while one of America's most expert drivers handles the wheel. Choose straight-through travel, or plan restful night stops. One ticket, one dependable service goes all the way.

This little girl, traveling with her daddy, shows you a local Greyhound ticket—while the man holds a U. S. circle tour ticket for comparison.

Only
GREYHOUND
Serves All 48 States, Canada and Mexico



OF SPECIAL IMPORTANCE TO FOLKS EARNING LESS THAN \$65 A WEEK

New Sickness and Accident Plan Includes \$25 Weekly Benefit Feature

**Costs Only \$12 a Year—Down Payment \$2.50
Pays Hospital Benefits For Accidents**

The average family has an income of \$65 a week or less. Because of the high cost of living, they can't save money to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, in case accident or sickness strikes. Therefore, the 60-year-old North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago announces a special plan which gives just the kind of protection such families should have. It pays \$25 a week for 10 weeks for certain specified accidents and sicknesses. Also, this Premier Limited Double Duty Policy pays \$25 a week for 4 weeks for accidents requiring hospital confinement. Yet the total cost is only \$12 a year. The purpose of this new policy is to bring sickness and accident protection within the reach of men and women who do not have large savings with which to meet sudden doctor or hospital bills, or lost income.

This new plan also has a double-indemnity feature covering travel accidents. You receive \$50 a week if disabled by an accident in a bus, taxicab, street car, train, etc., and \$75 a week if the accident requires hospital confinement. There is another new special feature that pays up to \$25 cash for doctor bills, even for a minor accident such as a cut finger. In case of accidental death the policy pays one thousand dollars cash to your family. Two thousand dollars if caused by a travel accident.

In addition, it covers many sicknesses including pneumonia, cancer, appendicitis operation, etc., paying the weekly benefits whether confined to home or hospital.

The entire cost is only \$12 a year (even this small amount can be paid monthly—\$2.50 down and \$2.00 a month for 5 months—total cost \$12.50) for both men and women between the ages of 15 and 64 inclusive. Be'ween the ages of 65 and 75 the cost is only \$18 a year. Protects you 24 hours a day. No reduction in benefits regardless of age. No medical examination is required.

Suppose you are now a member of some worthy hospitalization plan . . . you still need this additional protection. Why? Because only a small percentage of people are confined to a hospital—and even then only for a fraction of the time they are disabled. Most people are confined at home where hospitalization plans do not apply. The North American Plan pays specified benefits regardless of whether you are confined to your home or to a hospital.

North American Accident Insurance Company of Chicago has devoted over sixty years to the underwriting of Accident and Health Insurance. It has paid out over \$40,000,000 to grateful policy holders when they needed help most. North American is licensed by the Insurance Department of 47 States and The District of Columbia.

Men and women who would like full details about this new plan are urged to write a letter or postcard for a revealing booklet called "Cash or Sympathy." This booklet is absolutely free. It will come by ordinary mail without charge or obligation of any kind. No agent will call to deliver it. We suggest you get a free copy by mailing coupon to Premier Policy Division, North American Accident Insurance Co. of Chicago, 830 Broad Street, Dept. 645, Newark 2, New Jersey.

MAIL THIS COUPON

FREE: "CASH OR SYMPATHY"

Premier
Policy
Division

North American Accident Insurance Company,
830 Broad St., Dept. 645, Newark 2, New Jersey

Gentlemen:
Please send me a copy of your FREE booklet, "CASH OR SYMPATHY." I understand there is no obligation whatever, and that no one will call on me to deliver this booklet.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

If you wish us to mail FREE copy of "CASH OR SYMPATHY" to a friend, please add his or her name below. No obligation.

NAME _____

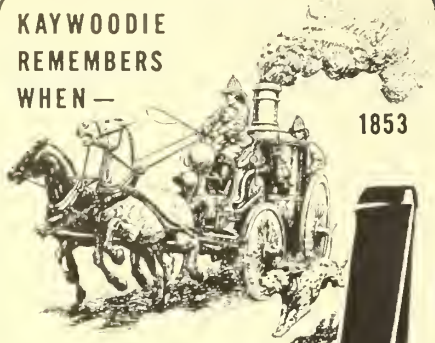
ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE NO. _____ STATE _____

KAYWOODIE
REMEMBERS
WHEN —

1853

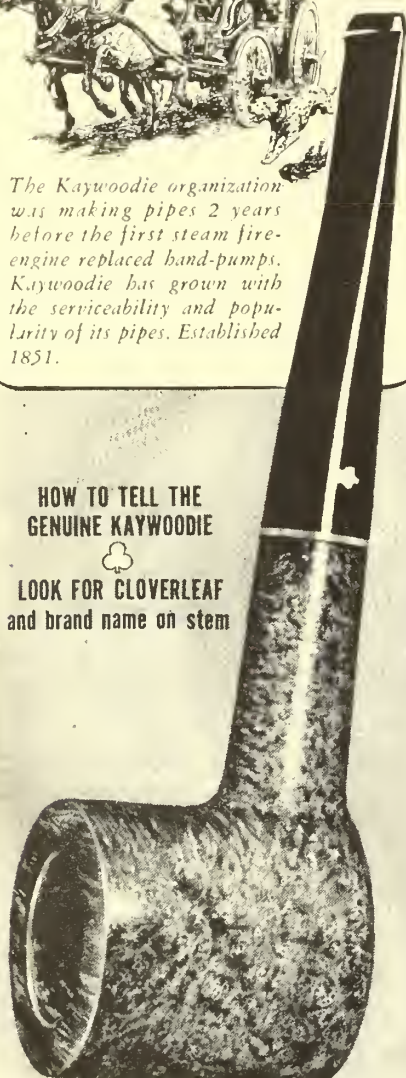


The Kaywoodie organization was making pipes 2 years before the first steam fire-engine replaced hand-pumps. Kaywoodie has grown with the serviceability and popularity of its pipes. Established 1851.

HOW TO TELL THE
GENUINE KAYWOODIE



LOOK FOR CLOVERLEAF
and brand name on stem



Super Grain No. 21C
Vest Pocket Poker Shape
Oval Bowl, \$5

KAYWOODIE

backed by the record
of 96 years

The Kaywoodie organization has been making smoking more enjoyable since 1851. For real pleasure, get a Kaywoodie, the world's best smoking pipe, easier to draw on, yields a mild, agreeable smoke that suits your taste. At dealers'. Made of imported briar, specially selected and seasoned by us. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Avenue, New York 20. Leaflet on request.

Co. 1947

DRINKLESS KAYWOODIE \$3.50
SUPER-GRAIN \$5, RELIEF-GRAIN \$7.50, FLAME-GRAIN \$10,
SILHOUETTE \$10, MEERSCHAUM-LINED \$12.50
CONNOISSEUR \$15, NINETY-FIVER \$20, CENTENNIAL \$25.



THE AMERICAN Legion MAGAZINE

VOL. 43

No. 4

OCT. 1947

Please notify the Circulation Department, Publication Division, Post Office Box 1055, Indianapolis, Indiana, if you have changed your address. Be sure to give your 1948 membership card number and both your new and your old address.

WESTERN OFFICE • 333 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago 1, Illinois
EDITORIAL AND ADVERTISING • One Park Avenue, New York 16, N. Y.
EXECUTIVE AND ADMINISTRATIVE OFFICES • Indianapolis 6, Indiana

CONTENTS

Cover	By Henry Dravneek	
Blueprint for World War III	By W. H. B. Smith	13
<i>Factories that made your souvenir weapon probably work for Russia today</i>		
The Hound Called Honey (fiction)	By Donn Hale Munson	16
<i>The story of a small boy and his little old hound dog</i>		
I Like the Little Posts	By John S. Stewart	18
Why Hire Disabled Vets?	By Jack Sher	21
<i>Some answers to a question many employers are ducking</i>		
Dizzy Dean of the Doughs	By Robert Eunson	24
<i>Concerning the "meanest, toughest, orneriest and wackiest soldier"</i>		
Yanqui School for Manners	By John Kord Lagemann	26
<i>Learning how to make good in the South American way</i>		
Meet the Timberdoodle	By Harry Botsford	28
<i>The woodcock is rough on hunters, but sportsmen love him</i>		
The Post Behind the Counter	By Robert M. Astley	30
<i>Legionnaire students at Michigan State got tired of high prices, and cut them</i>		
How to Play Center and Like It	By Gene Ward	32
<i>Chet Gladchuck's "extras" make him top center on any gridiron</i>		
Report from Hollywood	By R. Wilson Brown	34
<i>Big doings and little goings-on in the cinema center</i>		
Science of Hats	By Paul Andrews	70
Departments		
The Editors' Corner	4	Veterans With Ideas 48
Previews	6	Sports Varieties 56
Sound Off!	8	Parting Shots 72

Postmaster: Please send notices on form 3578 and copies returned under labels form 3597 to 777 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis 6, Ind.

The American Legion Magazine is the official publication of The American Legion and is owned exclusively by The American Legion. Copyright 1947. Published monthly at 333 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 1, Illinois. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of Oct. 3, 1917, authorized Jan. 5, 1925. Price, single copy, 15 cents; yearly subscription, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter Sept. 26, 1931, at the Post Office at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Roland Coe, Baton Rouge, La., Chairman of the Legion Publications Commission; Robert W. Coldfish, Des Moines, Iowa, Vice-Chairman. Members of Commission: Jerry Owen, Oakland, Calif.; Theodore Cogswell, Washington, D. C.; Lawrence Hager, Owensboro, Ky.; Frank C. Love, Syracuse, N. Y.; Earl L. Meyer, Alliance, Neb.; Harry R. Allen, Brockton, Mass.; Paul B. Dague, Downingtown, Pa.; Tom W. McCaw, Dennison, Ohio; Harry Benoit, Twin Falls, Idaho; James P. Hollers, San Antonio, Tex.; T. H. McGovran, Charleston, W. Va.; Raymond F. Gates, Rocky Hill, Conn.; Max Slepian, Drexel Hill, Pa.; Roger Cole, Jasonville, Ind.; Josephus Daniels, Jr., Raleigh, N. C.; John Stelle, McLeansboro, Ill.

Director of Publications, James F. Barton, Indianapolis, Ind.; Assistant to Director of Publications, Frank Lisiecki.

Editor, Alexander Gardiner; Managing Editor, Boyd B. Stutler; Executive Editor, Joseph C. Keeley; Art Editor, Al Marshall; Associate Editor, Robert B. Pitkin; Assistant Editor, Albert E. Peterson.

Director of Advertising, Thomas O. Woolf; Eastern Advertising Manager, Russell Holt; Western Advertising Manager, P. K. Babcock.

The Editors cannot be responsible for unsolicited manuscripts unless return postage is enclosed. Names of characters in our fiction and semi-fiction articles that deal with types are fictitious. Use of the name of any person living or dead is pure coincidence.

Rugged Individual

You probably never heard of Nat Hicks. And yet he was far and away the most rugged individual the game of baseball ever produced and did more to change the nature of the national pastime than any other man.

Nat Hicks was a catcher. He came upon the scene shortly after the War Between The States, in the days when catchers stood 50 feet behind the plate and caught the pitcher's offerings on the first bounce.

The catchers had a very good reason for handling the situation in this manner. For although pitchers threw just as hard as they do today, chest and skin protectors, and masks were unknown. And not only that—there wasn't even any such things as a mitt. It took nerve to get 50 feet behind the plate bare-handed and unprotected.

But along comes this Nat Hicks and, to the amazement of one and all, decides that it is the catcher's business to stand directly behind the plate to receive the pitcher's offerings.

People shook their heads. Nat Hicks, they acknowledged, was a brave man. But he'd never be able to get away with it.

But Nat Hicks was a determined young man and every day he took his stand right behind the batter. His face set with a heroic resoluteness, in the manner of a Horatio at the bridge, the indomitable catcher assumed his stance unflinchingly, prepared for the worst.

He got it. At one time or another every finger on each hand was broken. Scarcely a day went by that he did not get knocked out at least once. But he always got up again and resumed playing. His face always looked bruised and the way he moved his aching body around sometimes you would have thought he had just crawled out of a train wreck.

The opposing batters took no pity on him and deliberately swung their bats far back to make contact with him. Once Hicks had his arm broken while he was behind the plate.

In one game, on July 4, 1873, catching for the Brooklyn Atlantics in a game with New York. Hicks, playing with one side of his face twice normal size as the result of a tip ball, was felled four times.

But despite all these rigors, this rugged individualist persisted in his position directly behind the plate for 11 years—and thereby revolutionized the game.

For, so that their manly virtues would not suffer by comparison, the other catchers had to begin emulating the brash young Mr. Hicks.

Which led to the fact that now pitchers were no longer limited to just throwing a fast ball across the plate, as was the case when the catcher stood 50 feet behind it and caught the ball on the hop.—By Harold Helfer



YOU'LL LOOK LIKE A MILLION IN A MARK TWAIN SHIRT*

Poised and assured as the richest man in the world... that's the feeling you'll have in a MARK TWAIN Shirt. That luxurious comfort... those body-draped lines... those fine fabrics... all add up to the Million Dollar look.

Buy by name - buy...

MARK TWAIN Shirts

***ONLY MARK TWAIN GIVES YOU ALL 4 OF THESE "MUST" FEATURES**

1. QUALITY-TESTED MATERIALS... for longer wear and lasting good looks.	3. COMFORT-CUT COLLARS... for movement-free ease, yet snug appearance.
2. STYLE-SIZED FIT... for style assurance and form-fitting smartness.	4. IRON-EASY FABRICS... for quicker ironing and that professional laundry look.

ELDER MANUFACTURING CO. SAINT LOUIS

Manufacturers of
MARK TWAIN SHIRTS for Men
and **TOM SAWYER** Apparel
for Real Boys



*"I have found my spring,"
said **Col. Crow**... "and here will
I build my distillery"*

Here, at Frankfort, Kentucky,
a century later, we use the same
limestone spring in distilling Old Crow Whiskey.



THOSE IN THE KNOW - ASK FOR

**OLD
CROW**

KENTUCKY STRAIGHT

Bottled-in-Bond



**A TRULY GREAT NAME
AMONG AMERICA'S GREAT WHISKIES**

Kentucky Straight Whiskey • Bourbon or Rye • 100 Proof • National Distillers Prod. Corp., New York

The Editors' Corner



"C'MON, C'MON, BIG BOY," says petulant blonde to ex-GI hubby. "We're going to the ferris wheel, see?" But it never harmed anybody to take a sidelong look.

Henry Dravneek, who took this month's cover photo, says he "has a sane side, but it is only on rare days when there is a total eclipse of my dual personality that you can see it." A lens artist for the past decade, Dravneek is a VP of the Society of Photographic Illustrators and will soon put out a book (co-authored with F. E. Smith) called *Hocus Focus*.

Pay for Protection

That feather on the cover you'll recognize as the symbol for the Community Chest campaign in your home town, and for 1000 others across the nation. By paying even one buck, you help protect yourself by reducing crime, delinquency, and the sins of poverty. In one swoop, you contribute to hundreds of services that make your town better to live in.

Report on Worms

Worms have been in the news lately, and we've had our share. Late last spring and early in the summer the eyes of the nation turned, as never before, to the earthworm. First a special plane from the States carried an emergency cargo of several thousand worms to a ship in the Pacific, just in time to save a couple of starving duck-billed platypusses (ornithorhynchusses to some) which were *en route* to U.S. zoos from Australia, but had devoured their earthworm supply long before reaching a U.S. port.

Then a couple of U.S. soil conservationists, Henry Hopp and Paul J. Linder, came out in *Science* magazine with the news that the national population of earthworms was shrinking alarmingly. Hopp and Linder warned that the worm shortage boded ill for a lot of folks who never knew their security rested in part on services performed by the armless, legless, sightless, five-hearted, double-sexed, nervous,

slimy burrower of the earth. *Time* magazine, ears-to-the-ground, worm-scared, condensed & printed the *Science* report.

But it took the American Legion Magazine to do something about it. In June we published *Selling the Great Outdoors*, an article by Outdoor Sportswriter Arthur Carhart, of Denver. Carhart indicated various ways (including earthworm farming) by which veterans might make a living out of the growing amount of money being spent on hunting and fishing. The repercussions of the article were terrific, and they were augmented by an error on the part of Mr. Carhart. Worm farming, he pointed out, offers an opportunity to make a fair living off of an acre of ground or a back yard. He noted further that the worm business requires more know-how than anything else—little capital, little hard work. Worm farming, he added, is one occupation for a disabled veteran to contemplate as a means of livelihood. He then supplied the names and addresses of two worm farms to which veterans could write for further information—and there the trouble began.

The next thing we knew this office was the recipient of complaints. Letters to Worm-farm #1, said our readers, were returned to them by the Post Office marked, "Gone Over Five Years," while letters to Worm-farm #2 went unanswered.

"Check your facts," said some readers. "Please help us get the information," said most.

A telegram went to Mr. Carhart, who quickly discovered that although Farm #1 had been in existence when he prepared the article, the man who ran it when Mr. Carhart knew it better, Mr. George Sheffield Oliver, had died several years ago. Carhart's routine check-up at the time he wrote the article had failed to disclose this fact, and he used Mr. Oliver's name as a reference for readers. Then, after the article was written, that farm went out of business and its clientele and many of its assets were absorbed by Farm #2, the Colorado Earthworm Hatchery—which, said our readers, hadn't been answering their mail.

The Colorado farm was still very much in operation, run by former sergeant Frank



O'Brien, his mother and other members of the O'Brien family. But the O'Briens were in no position to answer inquiries from readers of the American Legion Magazine. From June 1st to July 15th those inquiries numbered somewhat over six thousand, and at the end of July they were still coming in at the diminished rate of forty a day.

Apprised of the appalling mountain of mail descending upon the O'Brien family, this magazine offered to handle the answers for

(Continued on page 47)

Dependable

CHAMPION

AMERICA'S FAVORITE SPARK PLUG



The school bus is symbolic of a whole new generation which has never known the necessity for trudging weary miles to school. We are literally a nation on wheels with buses, cars, trucks and tractors playing a vital part, directly and indirectly, in our daily lives. Engines turn and wheels roll. Spark plugs are a vital factor in keeping these engines operating efficiently and economically. On sheer merit, Champion Spark Plugs have earned the preference of most users because, in a word, they are dependable. Champion Spark Plug Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

FOLLOW THE EXPERTS

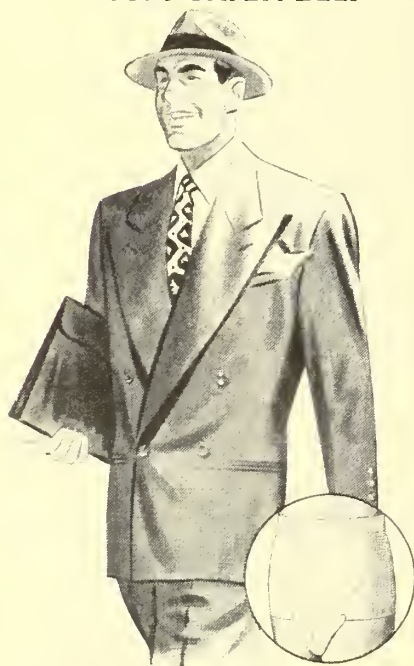
DEMAND NEW DEPENDABLE CHAMPIONS FOR YOUR CAR

Chest **DIPPING?**
Spirits **SLIPPING?**



Look better—feel better

"Bracer"
SUPPORTER BELT



It tucks your tummy in, your chest goes up, shoulders back—you feel better and look years younger when you wear a Bauer & Black "Bracer." By its gentle support, "Bracer" helps relieve fatigue.

Newly-designed, all-elastic, two-way stretch, seamless waistband fits you snugly, minimizes rolling. Exclusive tubular elastic leg bands—no crease, no curl, no roll. Ample-size fly-front pouch is self-adjusting to any position!

For all-day wear, "Bracer" is comfortable, convenient, restful. Ask for it at department, men's wear, drug and surgical stores . . . \$3.50.

"BRACER* ROYAL" has a wider, cooler, more porous waistband that offers you even more supportive action . . . \$5.00.

"Bracer"
SUPPORTER BELT

U.S. Pat. Off.

(BAUER & BLACK)

Division of The Kendall Company
2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 16



Here are the things being developed by manufacturers, inventors and scientists for better living now, next month or a year or more from now.



SWEET NEWS FOR PLANT GROWERS. Experiments in which a 10 percent solution of sugar was sprayed on plants promise great things for farmers and gardeners. Plants sprayed once every 24 hours for three weeks are said to pop up like Jack's famous beanstalk. Sugar experts conducting the tests say that plant growth depends upon the formation of natural sugar in the plants themselves, but sometimes this doesn't come off properly. With a syrupy assist, they say, nature can really do her stuff.

AFTER-DARK DEPARTMENT. Said to be the greatest step forward in street lighting since the incandescent lamp first was used outdoors, a new football-shaped 400-watt mercury lamp has been developed by the Westinghouse Electric Corporation. The brilliant mercury lamp with an unusual optical system produces a larger pattern of brightness on the street and protects the motorist from glare. The optical system consists of an aluminum reflector and a glass, oval-shaped refractor. When reflector and refractor are put together the unit looks like a two-foot long football.

CLICK, CLICK AND SQUISH. Men who want to save another minute or two in shaving should soon have another gadget to speed up the de-bearding process. It's a fountain brush recently patented by Frank J. Bambach, of Hartford, Conn. The brush has a hollow handle containing a storage cylinder which extrudes cream or soap onto the bristles when the handle is rotated. The brush feeds cream only when pressure is applied, preventing the accumulation of stale soap.



GI BEER BOTTLE. During the war a billion and a half one-way beer bottles were shipped to our troops overseas. The contents presumably were consumed and the bottles discarded. Now, for the first time, civilians will be getting their beer in these war-developed bottles. The Owens-Illinois Glass Company, who make them, say their bottles are half the weight of the standard returnable type, a third shorter, inexpensive and plenty tough.



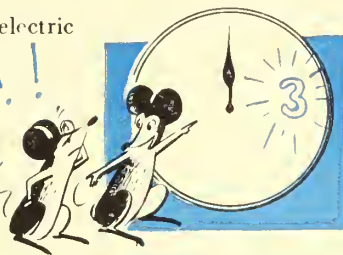
The Owens-Illinois Glass Company, who make them, say their bottles are half the weight of the standard returnable type, a third shorter, inexpensive and plenty tough.

TOE BE OR NOT TOE BE. For people who have a hard time deciding whether they want open-toed or close-toed shoes, John Hirsch, of Alexandria, La., has provided the answer—two answers. He has invented a shoe that can be either open-toed or unopen-toed. The toe cap has a right and a left flap, joined by a slide fastener. When the slide

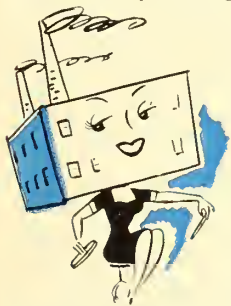
fastener is closed the flaps are joined to make a complete toe cap. The flaps, when in open position, are joined to the body of the shoe, adding an ornamental touch.

PHOTO DYE USED IN FILARIASIS. An orange-colored dye, first prepared as a sensitizer for photographic emulsions, is reported by Eastman Kodak Company to hold promise for filariasis sufferers. Known as "compound 863," the dye is known to chemists as a "cyanide." Tests of this dye at Western Reserve University showed it killed filarial worms in rats and further tests were made on human patients at the School of Tropical Medicine at San Juan, Puerto Rico. Scientists conducting the research are hopeful that the dye will aid in curing men who contracted filariasis in the Pacific. If not, it at least suggests a lead for future investigations.

ONE-HANDED CLOCK. A really new kind of electric clock, designed to make the reading of time easier has numerals which are made of tiny neon tubes, and has only one hand, the minute hand. Each numeral, from 1 to 12, remains lighted for 59 minutes, as the minute hand makes its circuit of the face for that hour. The hour hand is, of course, unnecessary since the lighted numeral takes its place. Howard D. Werts, LaSalle, Ill., thought it up.



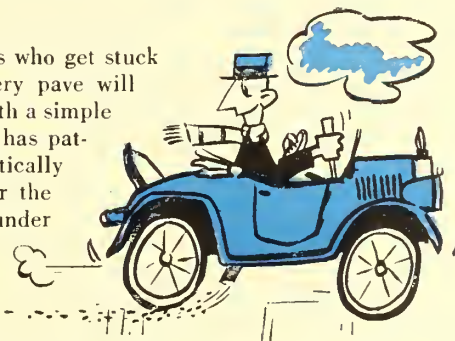
NEW CARBINE STYLE RIFLE. Now reaching dealers' shelves is a new .30-.30 cal. bolt action repeating, carbine style rifle made by the Savage Arms Corporation. Known as the Stevens model 325, it has a 21-inch barrel and is ruggedly built. Newly designed action cocks on the opening stroke of the bolt, and the trigger and sear mechanism are said to assure positive, fast action and a clean, crisp trigger pull. Bolt handle is streamlined and lies close to the frame. Stock is one piece, of ample size for steady holding, and the weapon is priced for the popular market.



FOR THE WELL GROOMED. Your electric light company can become your manicurist when a newly patented power-driven nail file hits the market. Invented by Hyman Harris, of New York, it's a gadget, small enough to fit the palm of your hand, whose motor runs a nail file, and then operates a buffer wheel which is used for the smoothing-up job.

FIRST AID FOR HANGOVERS. Realizing that people suffering from hangovers or headaches are in no mood to bother with the conventional cold pack, Charles F. Slater, of Pittsburgh, has invented a permanent pack which doesn't have to be refilled. The interior of the pack is divided into chambers which contain a liquid refrigerant permanently sealed therein. It is chilled in a refrigerator and passes on the comforting coolness to the sufferer.

JUST LIKE A LOCOMOTIVE. Motorists who get stuck when their wheels spin on icy or slippery pave will some day soon be able to get under way with a simple twist of the wrist. Adolf Berner, a Dane, has patented a graveling device which automatically sprinkles rock salt, sand or gravel under the wheels. The sand or salt, carried in a box under the chassis, is moved hydraulically and automatically deposited when the driver pushes a handle located near the dash.



WALKIE-TALKIE IN CIVVIES. Promised to the public this fall is an FM Handie-Talkie being built by Motorola, Inc., of Chicago. Basically similar to the war-time walkie-talkie, this hand-carried communication unit, weighing only seven pounds, is said to provide reliable communication up to two miles between units. This range can be increased considerably when operating with forestry towers or other high antennae. The FM transmitter and receiver use 18 tubes, 11 in the receiver and seven in the transmitter. The complete unit is designed for carrying in the hand, on the shoulder, or as a back pack. When carried by hand or on the shoulder, a push-to-talk, French style hand set is used. A lapel mike with ear-plug is used when the unit is carried on the back. The cost will be \$250.

J.C.K.

13.5%
more accuracy
without winding



because
CROTON AQUAMATIC
Winds Itself!

You're always *on time* because you *don't* wind your watch! Your Croton Aquamatic keeps itself wound by the ordinary motions of your wrist. It can't run down, *can't overwind*. It keeps better time — *13.5% better time** than famous hand-wound watches. A wonderful idea for a wonderful gift — or for yourself.

AQUAMATIC SHEDS WATER LIKE A DUCK!

Handsome, serviceable — the Aquamatic is *certified waterproof*, before it goes to your jeweler, by United States Testing Co. Inc. Just make sure *only* your Croton dealer opens, closes and services your watch. Other features — dust-proof, shock-resistant, the dial's easy to read in the dark, *the glass crystal can't shatter!* Made only by Croton — famous since 1878. Only \$57.50, tax included.



* 3 Aquamatics were tested against the average of 9 famous watches wound by hand, in a 30-day wearing test by a leading laboratory. Aquamatic proved 13.5% more accurate! Write for free booklet, Croton Watch Co., Inc., 48 West 48th Street, N. Y. 19.

© 1947 Croton Watch Co., Inc., New York



Writers must give name and address. Name withheld if requested. Address:
Sound Off, The American Legion Magazine, One Park Avenue, New York 16, N.Y.

Eliminate Auto Horns?

I am a member of the American Legion Post of the Cincinnati Police Department. I am also co-editor of the (local) official publication of the Fraternal Order of Police (whose) editor, Murray, and I are collaborating on a campaign to eliminate horns on autos. It is our contention that the auto horn is taking the place of courtesy. Myron Stearns, in his article, *No End To Traffic Deaths?* (ALM, July), listed eight human failings that make accidents, among them these:

1. Overconfidence. (Confident that the horn is loud enough to stop other cars.)

2. Anger. (Give him the horn. Make him move over.)

3. Impatience. (In my opinion, the biggest fault of the modern motorist, lack of courtesy. At a traffic light bang the horn if the driver in front doesn't move fast enough. I've seen cases where pedestrians were in front of a car and the driver would bang the horn and race the motor to frighten the pedestrians. Drivers to the rear will bang the horn without regard to the driver in front, even though the front car was waiting for a pedestrian to cross the intersection.)

4. Divided Attention. (Caused by misuse of the horn. Instead of watching the road in front, the driver's attention is divided between the horn-blowing goon in the rear and the highway in front of him.)

We intend to continue our campaign to eliminate horns; we feel they are not necessary, and that they are a definite nuisance.

JOSEPH W. MEHMERT
Cincinnati, Ohio

We can find no fault with Legionnaire Police-man Mehmert's specific complaints. What do readers think about his suggestion for total removal of the auto horn?—EDITORS

GI Insurance is Best Buy

I have sold insurance for twenty-three years. I have my WW1 government insurance and know how valuable it is. One company here in particular renders lip service to the pledge of helping GIs in retaining and converting their government insurance, but privately, in its course of instructions for agents, teaches all the tricks in the book to "twist" these policies. It is particularly partial to employing ex-GIs for this dirty work. Many million dollars of insurance have been lost to veterans by such tactics—through agents who profess to convert their policies, "proving" that their company's policies are better and more valuable. . . . If ex-GIs had available actual facts they would all keep their GI Insurance. History proves that NSLI pays off better—in term, ordinary, 20-pay life, or 20-year endowment—than do mutual or stock companies. (The writer enclosed a chart, too extended for publication here, which proved his point in detail.) . . . Since the government has no taxes, no overhead, agents, managers, salaries,

commissions, or office expenses hidden in its insurance charges to the veteran, it follows that no commercial company could possibly give the same values. Also GI Insurance has no charges for hazardous risks. A private company could not meet these rates.

(Name withheld)
Butte, Montana

Any veterans of WW2 who have held GI Insurance in the past but have let it lapse, can now reinstate their policies without special examination up to January 1, 1948, usually by payment of two months' premiums without interest. Contact your nearest Veterans Administration office for details.—EDITORS

'rithmetic

You asked for it! Referring to "y = ax" in the August issue (*Sound Off!*), just to be technical, $y^2 = ax$ might be a better parabola. However, the magazine is too good to let anything like that worry me too seriously!

STUART DEAN
Boonville, N. Y.

More work, less griping

Too often I hear WW2 vets say they do not have enough to do at Legion meetings or that WW1 vets are taking all the responsibility from them. This is not true. I know from experience that any WW2 vet belonging to The American Legion can find plenty to do if he just tries. . . . Soon after I came home from Great Lakes Naval Station, I was asked to join the Legion. At that time it was mostly WW1 vets. This was early in '46 and to make it more difficult, I was Navy while most of the other vets in my town were Army. At the first meeting I attended I was put on a lunch committee. The next meeting I was put on two more committees. When nominations came around I was named Adjutant. This year I was elected Commander. I have seen almost the same thing happen in three other nearby Posts. . . . In our Post all but one of the elective officers are WW2 vets, and they are doing the job. . . . So all I have to say to WW2 vets is to let the older members know you are willing to do a little more work and less griping. . . . One of the best ways to find out about The American Legion is to enroll in the Extension Institute. The WW2 vet can learn in a short time what the first war vet had to learn the hard way over the past 25 years.

F. HAROLD THORNTON
Ontonagon, Mich.

Buttons—halved and quartered

If the suggestion is adopted to design a Legion button with a "ruptured duck" for WW2 members, then what would be the lot of us who were in both 1 and 2? Wear an original one week and next week the WW2 one? Perhaps a look into heraldry might suggest the button be "quartered" not forgetting

to leave space for the WW3 we hear so much about these days. If the VFW also did this, the Cross of Malta would show the Spanish-American war and all since—a lot of quartering there!

WILLIAM DIX
Arlington, Va.

No WW2 Theme Song?

. . . I derive so much from the magazine and truly enjoy every article. The covers are always so full of meaning and timely. . . . The article, *Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs* (August ALM), was very good and is always discussed every time a WW1 song is played. However, I did like "When The Lights Go On Again," but I guess that didn't suit us, since we didn't black out entirely during the war years.

MRS. WALTER J. DUBUE
New Orleans, La.

I enjoyed Don Whitehead's excellent article about war songs. It brought back many pleasant memories of my service while attached to the British 8th Army in Africa, Malta, Sicily, and Italy. However, I noted what I consider to be an error in his quotation of "Bless 'Em All," which was one of our favorites. At the end of line 3, I believe "W.O.L.s" should be "W.O.s." This refers to the British rank of warrant officer, roughly equivalent to the AUS rank of first or master sergeant.

JOHN P. BAKER
Washington, D. C.

No Music at the Front

In the August issue, I read the article, *Soldiers Don't Sing War Songs*, and I don't get it. . . . From Whitehead's inference, the boys in the 1st War sang their way blithely into battle. His passage, "there were few places (in WW2) for song in all the filth and misery and pain and seeing men die," is quite correct. But the boys the first time had that, too—and worse. . . . During the hell's fire at St. Mihiel and Argonne, I was on special duty driving a staff car at all sectors. I got around. But I never heard a column of men marching and singing—either going in or out of the line. Going in, they were too damned scared, and they crawled in, at night, not talking. Coming out they were too dazed, starved and horrified to do anything except to amble along on their feet. No transport trucks or jeeps those days. Artillery men didn't have the breath to sing or talk—just to curse; for our horses, cast off from the French army, soon died, and the men had to get into traces themselves to move guns, large and small. Only once did I hear a body of men singing, and they were riding in an ammunition truck far behind the lines. They were singing "Hail! Hail! The gang's all here!" In fact, one Frenchman I talked to thought that was our national anthem—it was the only tune he had

(Continued on page 11)

DINNER'S READY!...WITH **SPAM***



SPAM* DINNER

MENU MAKER FROM THE HORMEL KITCHEN

Broil or fry Spam slices -- or stud whole Spam with cloves and bake 20 minutes, basting with sauce: $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vinegar, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown sugar, 1 tsp. prepared mustard, 1 tsp. water. Serve with limas and baked potato.

HORMEL
GOOD FOOD



COLD OR HOT

SPAM*
HITS THE SPOT!

*"Spam" is a registered trademark. It identifies a pure pork product — packed only in 12-ounce tins — made exclusively by Geo. A. Hormel & Co., Austin, Minn.

THEIR DARING CARVED A NATION OUT OF A WILDERNESS,
AND AMERICA'S GLORY ON THE PILLARS OF HISTORY!

GARY PAULETTE
COOPER · GODDARD
Cecil B. DeMille's
UNCONQUERED

Color by **TECHNICOLOR**

with HOWARD BORIS CECIL WARD
DA SILVA · KARLOFF · KELLAWAY · BOND

From A People Like
This Came America's
Heritage...In A Story
Like This Lies
America's Greatness!

Produced and Directed by
Cecil B. DeMille

Screenplay by Charles Bennett,
Fredric M. Frank and Jesse Lasky, Jr.
Based on the novel by Neil H. Swanson
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE



(Continued from page 8)

ever heard. That was at Bar-le duc, after the Germans had been pushed north. . . . Mr. Whitehead states: "In 1917-18 our troops boarded ships with a brave song on their lips and slogged through the mud of France singing." . . . He must be very ignorant about that movement of troops. There was utmost secrecy as to time and place of embarkation . . . and who wanted to sing when he knew he was going out onto the Atlantic in a tub for two weeks in submarine infested waters . . . often no escort? NUTS. I am surprised the Legion would publish such drivel and if I read any more such stuff in this periodical. I think it about time for myself and all other good Legionnaires of the first war to drop out of the Legion. And I dare you to print this letter.

EARL R. KING
Tucson, Arizona

In his article, Mr. Whitehead did not mean to imply that boys in '17 had it easy. He did say that WWI doughboys had more and better songs to sing, when they had time and inclination.

EDITORS

Give the Boys a Year

I have talked with many groups and we have argued the point for many hours and we still come up with the answer that we *do* need Universal Military Training. I took ROTC in high school and it sure helped a lot when I entered the Marine Corps in 1945. If people tried to see what we may be up against the next time, I'm sure everyone would want it. We are now getting fellows in the Marine Reserve who say, "Why wait until a UMT Bill is passed? If we don't get ready now, tomorrow might be too late—and we surely don't want another Pearl Harbor, do we?" I myself and everyone I know believe that if you took every fellow just out of high school and gave him one year in the armed forces we would be prepared and they would be able to think on their own. . . . Incidentally, I believe our Legion Magazine is the best veterans magazine there is today. I always enjoy reading it.

GLENN A. BUTLER, USMCR
12th Infantry Battalion
Treasure Island, Cal.

Cadet Nurses Liquidated

Can you tell me what happened to the Cadet Nursing Corps that was so popular and useful during the last war? In my travels I have met several of the young women in this group and could not help but notice that they looked very neat in their red-trimmed gray uniforms. From conversations with a few of them, I'm sure they were happy to be learning the nursing profession and were proud to belong to the Corps itself. . . . The shortage of trained nurses in this country is constantly becoming more critical. There are high school girls throughout the land that would jump at the chance to join an organization like the Cadet Nursing Corps if it were possible to do so. Many deserving young women do not enter nursing because it is necessary for them to go right to work and aid the family income; whereas the regular training could cause too much financial burden on the family. The CNC program provided free uniforms and paid the girl enough so she could assist her family at

least a little bit financially. . . . Seems to me this problem so vital to our country right now, should be looked into by Legion Headquarters as one more possible service to render America as a whole and to the many young women who want to become trained nurses but who cannot afford the usual training.

R. W. FLETCHER
South Hadley Falls, Mass.

Sponsored through the war by the U. S. Public Health Service, the Cadet Nursing Corps gave young girls a speeded-up, thorough training. Many of these went to various service hospitals. But since the end of war, the program has been scrapped and no new appointments are being made. With the graduation of the remaining cadets, this very beneficial program will be liquidated. At present, there are no signs of renewing the Corps.—EDITORS

It Can't Happen Here?

Top leaders of a Communist government or movement are usually the only ones who recognize its real purpose. It could not succeed if the rank and file members and fellow-travelers who blindly follow were aware of this real purpose. . . . Most successful effort of this kind has been accomplished by the Soviet Government of Russia. There, highly intelligent men unweighed with religious beliefs or conscientious scruples have been able to subjugate the masses under a dictatorship that is the most despotic and absolute on earth. The old-fashioned absolute monarchies were not so efficient. During thirty years they have been able to kill off a large part of the minority that objected to becoming serfs. Even their so-called constitution now makes frank reference to the "peasant class." The small ruling class lives on the fat of the land while the peasants are required to work hard for a bare existence. The benefits of this system extend as low as plant executives whose pay in proportion to ordinary workers is much greater than it is in this country. They have demonstrated effectively that a few ruthless intellectuals can gain absolute control of great masses of people when the indifference and credulity of the masses permit it.

J. L. ALLEN
Ysleta, Texas

Unequal Combat Awards

I was awarded the Combat Infantry Badge with \$10 each month while in combat. What hurned me up was that soldiers in the Marine Corps who were infantrymen like me did not benefit as I did. It's unjust in my opinion, for Congress to overlook these Marine Corps soldiers who fought as hard as I did in the Pacific infantry.

ROSAIRE RAJOTTE
Northbridge, Mass.

The case presented by Mr. Rajotte shows only one of many inequities under sectional command of our armed forces. A unified command, it is hoped, will put all branches of service on an equal footing.—EDITORS

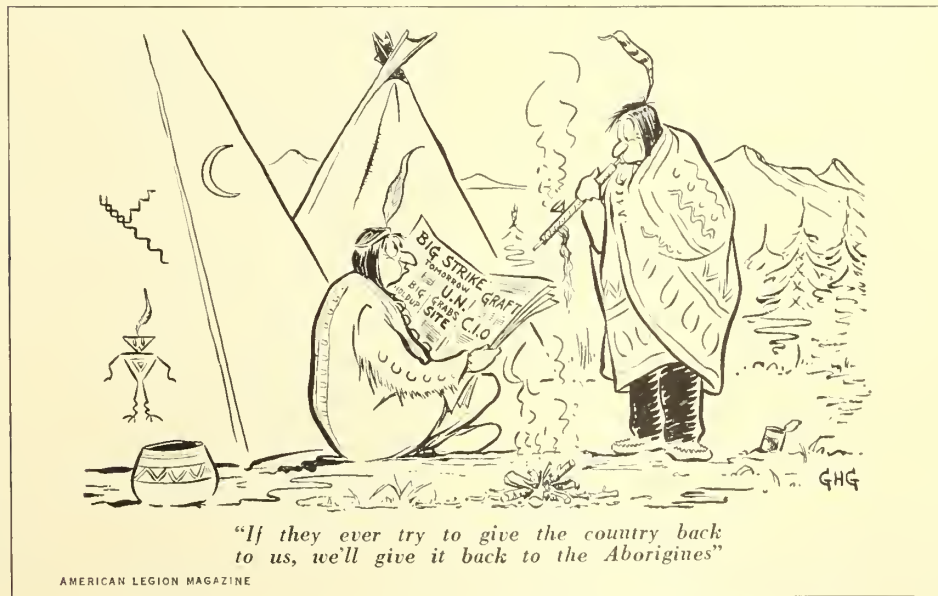
It's the System

Now, during the lull in fighting, is a good time for the Legion to influence the Navy in a matter of integrity. The Navy demands integrity from its enlisted men. In return, the Navy's word is not worth the paper it is written on. . . . Sound terrible? I agree. It is also too true. A specific case—a man takes an examination for higher rate. He passes. During the time the rate is being processed he is transferred to a new station. At the new station he applies for the new rate he earned. "We're sorry, old man," he is told, "but you made the rate at your old station. We don't know you and you'll have to prove to us what you can do." . . . It is time the Navy stops this form of dishonesty, for that is what it amounts to, and stops operating as though each station is a separate Navy all to itself, not subject to the regulations at other stations and bases.

HANK TENNY
Dallas, Texas

As Mr. Tenny probably knows, each Naval Station and ship has its complement of rates—so many SK 3/Cs, so many CBMs, and so on. The transfer to the new station may find the complement full there—and local boys waiting a long time for their own rate-openings. If the newcomer is elevated ahead of the old salts already waiting at the base for rates, there would be squawks all down the line. 'Tain't dishonest; it's an antiquated system.

EDITORS



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



A Pioneer in Pensions

Bell System Plan for Employee Pensions and Benefits has been in effect for thirty-four years.

Long before there was any thought of Social Security or of pensions by most companies, the Bell System instituted a Pension Plan for its employees. The plan went into effect in 1913.

The Bell System Pension Plan was not only one of the first pension plans but it has continued to be one

of the best for employees. The full cost is paid by the Company. The employee is not called upon to contribute anything.

16,967 Bell System employees (10,769 men and 6,198 women) were receiving pensions at the end of 1946.

The Pension Plan is part of a comprehensive Benefit Plan that also covers sickness, accident, disability and death payments. These were paid to more than 110,000 employees and their dependents in

1946. During that year, one Bell System employee in every seven benefited directly from the sickness provisions alone.

All of this is in the interest of the public as well as telephone employees. Because for you to have good service we must have good people to give it to you.

These Pension and Benefit Plans are part of the Bell Telephone Company's responsibility as a good employer and a good citizen in every community in which it operates.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Blueprint for World War III

German-supported arms plants throughout Europe
made the recent war possible, and permitted the Germans to export
Nazi ideas with their weapons.
These facilities for gun-making
and propaganda are now the Soviet's

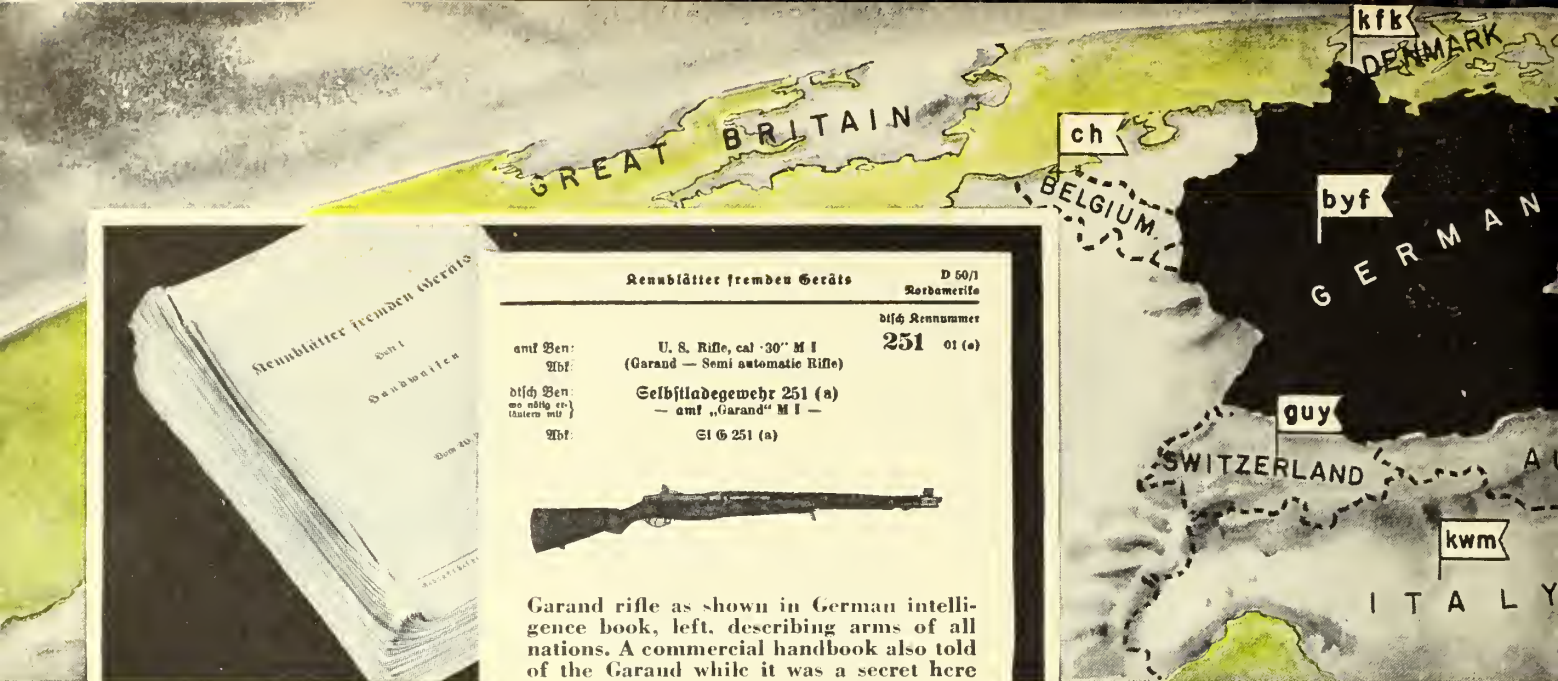
By W. H. B. SMITH

EVER SINCE several million GI's "liberated" souvenir German rifles, pistols and ammunition, the gun and sporting editors of this country have been slowly going crazy trying to answer questions about trophies.

The identifying code letters printed on the next two pages are a few of those taken from the secret files of the German High Command. They will tell you where your weapon was made—an important factor, since millions were made outside of Germany itself. Whether your particular trophy is just a wall or closet piece to bring back memories as the years wear on, or whether you use it for hunting, target shooting or protection, the code letters on it may possess an importance you never dreamed of.

On the receiver ring of a captured rifle or on the left side of the slide of an enemy pistol you will usually find a series of numbers or letters. If you find any which do not appear in the list given, will you take time out to drop us a line telling what they are and giving a brief description of the weapon? While the code is from original secret German files, it is not believed to be complete; and your help may assist in unearthing further facilities which were used by the great German war machine.

You may wonder why such information is valuable, now that Germany is a shambles, and now that atom bombs,



guided missiles and bacterial warfare have taken public attention off the subject of the common military weapons.

There are several answers to that question, and all of them have an important bearing on the future of world peace. The system and the facilities used by Germany in rebuilding her army after World War I are now generally available to the Russians. In that fact rather than in the direct danger of German re-armament lies the secret of

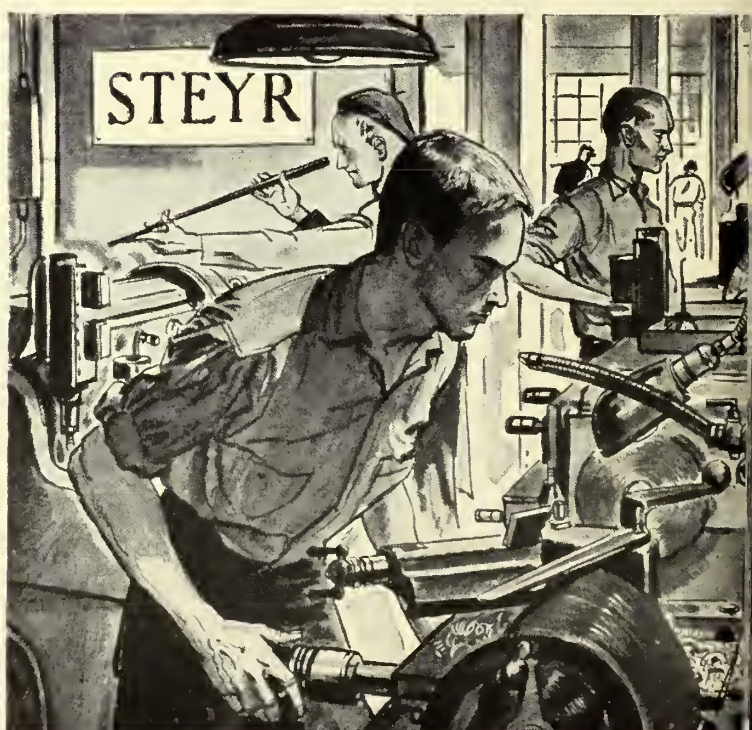
the vast importance of small arms in the years ahead. The modern "weapons of decision" are last-ditch arms. For internal security and all but the gravest of international situations, improved versions of familiar arms remain necessary.

Right now arms plants in Czechoslovakia and Poland which filled orders for the Germans long before the Chamberlain appeasement at Munich, are working under Russian direction and

setting the stage for the Soviets' bid for domination of the Continent. It will be remembered that both Poland and Czechoslovakia were anti-Hitler. Yet certain arms manufacturers were helping the German General Staff perfect the weapons which were to be turned against them and their countrymen. Now they're doing it for the Russians, as are arms manufacturers in Sweden and Switzerland and the satellite countries behind the iron curtain.



1920: Germany standardizes her arms manufacture



1924: Neighboring nations turn out these weapons



If the German-type weapon you brought back has one of the code markings shown above you will know where it was manufactured

Here is the way Germany did the job—and remember that in the following paragraphs wherever the word German is used to describe these past operations you can without doing violence to truth substitute the word Russian for present and future operations. Because Russia now has under her control many of the German technicians and the factories they employed in their march to power.

Twenty-one nations in the World, including all those in South America, are equipped largely with German weapons. Even where the arms themselves are not of German manufacture, they are principally of German design. In the years before War I Germany deliberately built up military and police contacts with all the lesser nations by supplying them with first class equipment at low cost.

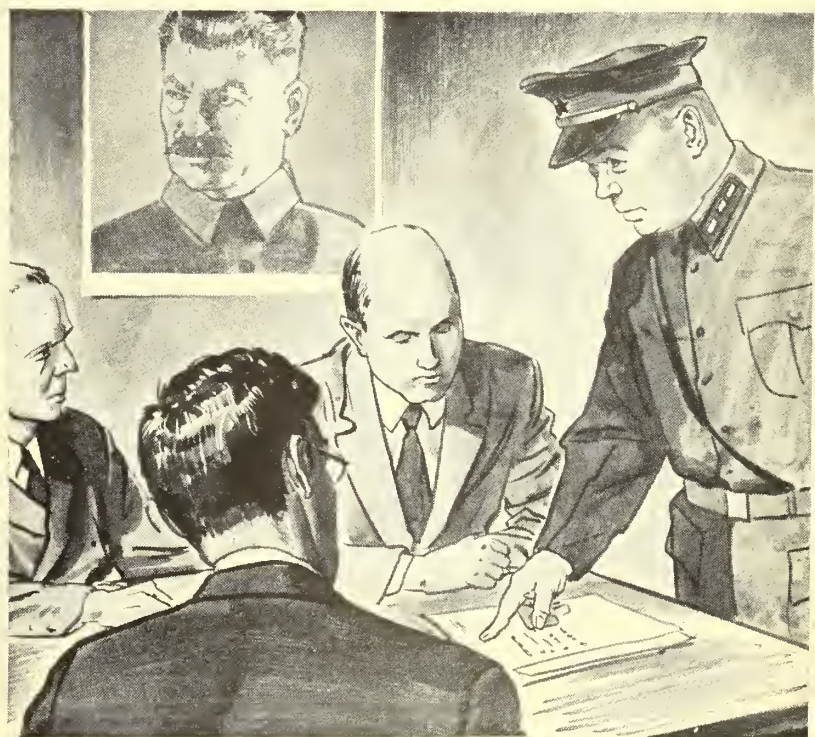
Wherever the equipment went, technicians and instructors followed. When

the police and military establishments were thoroughly indoctrinated, German business interests were soon able to enter the economic picture on their own terms.

After World War I there was a legitimate security need for replacement weapons, spare parts and service by the military and police groups of minor nations. Germany could not fill the needs directly. The United States Army, then as now, was (Continued on page 37)



1935-'40: Invasion. Production halts? Not a minute



1947-?: Moscow directs best continental arms plants



Only for the kid, they'd have
drowned the no-account pup. But,
as all dogs should, Honey
too had her day

The Hound Called Honey

By **DONN HALE MUNSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY J. G. WOODS

ALL DAY LONG young Bib Tucker watched the hounds. He was there when they arrived and one by one he saw them sold until now there was only one left. He kept watching it, as if to guard it against being sold, against the men and the cattle, horses and sheep and the noise and excitement of the live stock sale.

With Pa he had risen at dawn and loaded the two shoats into the back of the rickety pick-up truck and come down off the mountain to town. Going to the weekly sale was usually as much fun as the occasional carnival which came to the big hill country of East Tennessee.

Bib, who was eleven, stood where he could watch Lem Smalley's truck. The remaining hound puppy lay in the truck bed, unprotected from the sun. Lem Smalley himself sat in the shade on the running board of the truck and spat into the dust as he talked with friends. He would, Bib heard him say, go home when the last hound was sold.

Bib's hands knotted into fists in his overall pockets and wished desperately they held some money. He had watched

the hounds sell for three dollars each. When the pick of the litter was gone and five thin dogs remained, Lem had cut the price to two dollars each. Three more dogs were sold.

Lem cut the price again when the sun was hot and the two remaining pups lay panting. He sold the eighth for one dollar. Now, Bib knew, he could step forward and claim the last one for seventy-five cents, maybe even as little as fifty cents. It was nothing—yet it was a fortune when you didn't have it.

Once he had fifty cents. Pa had given it to him last year at the carnival and Bib had made it last all day. It wasn't that Pa was close with money. It was just that in the Tucker household there wasn't much. At least there wasn't any left over for a hound dog, he realized.

A dozen times he had gone to the truck to stare at the puppies. Lem Smalley ignored him. Maybe, Bib thought hopefully, maybe he'll get tired and give me that ole pup.

So now he waited. Around him the crowd boiled in and out of the stock barn. The air was full of the chant of the auctioneer and the hoarse callings of men as they bid. The hound pup lay sleeping. Bib knew all about her and the litter from which she came.

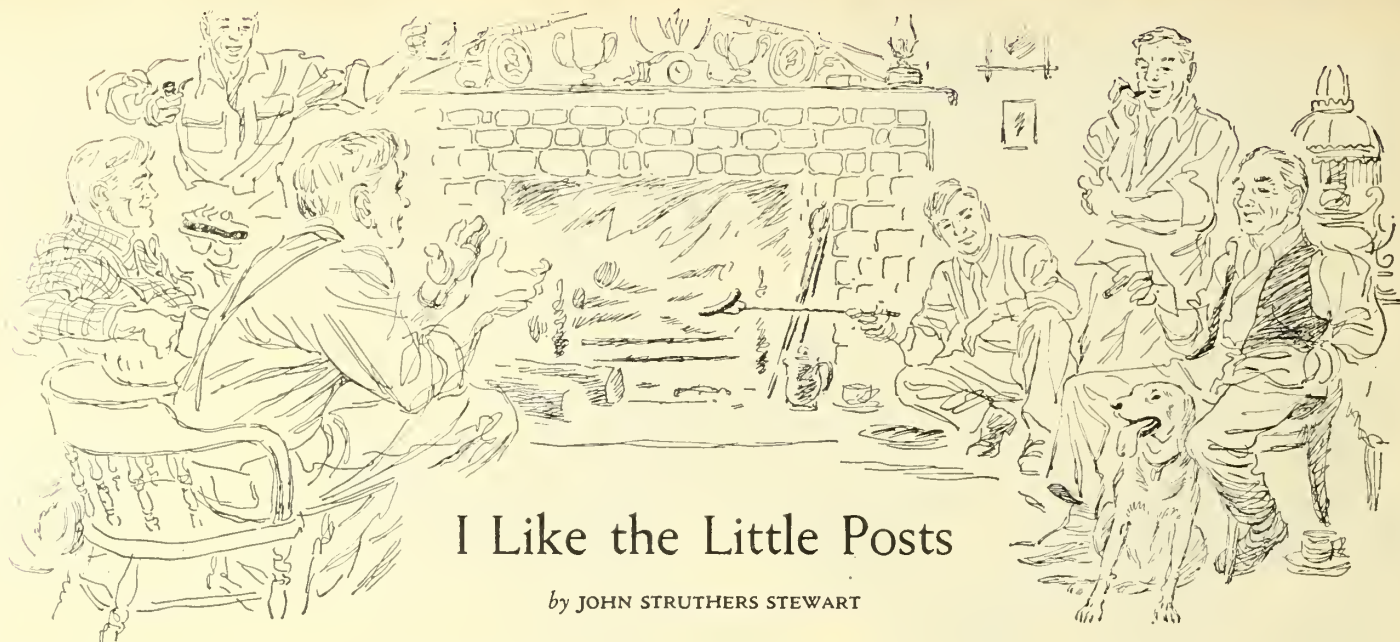
Walkers and (Continued on page 49)



They could hear the beast's screams and Honey's growls as the two tangled in a death struggle in the cave

J.G. Woods





I Like the Little Posts

by JOHN STRUTHERS STEWART

*I like the little Posts,
You can have the big Posts.
I'll take the little Posts,
They make the Legion great.*

*Hickory Center—
Johnson's Corners—
Yellow Creek Falls—
Smithville, Jonesburg—
Elmhurst, Idlewild—
Washingtonville.*

*Comrade Commander!
I move we have a social night!
Comrade Commander!
I move an amendment!
Corn's gettin' good now.
Let's have a corn roast.
Comrade Commander!
I accept the amendment.
Second the motion!
All in favor say Aye!
Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!*

*I like the little Posts,
You can have the big Posts.
They live in mausoleums,
I like the little Posts,
They make the Legion great.*

*On this committee
I'll appoint Olsen,
Murphy, Campbell,
Slefsky, Green,
Rosenberg and Angelino.
Comrade Commander!
The 'Xillery's raisin' Hell!
They say we broke six dishes
Saturday night.*

*Comrade Commander!
We never broke a dish.
Them darned women
Are lookin' for a fight!*

*Comrade Commander!
We gotta live with 'em.
I remember
Just about two a.m.
Somebody broke a saucer.
I move we pay 'em.
Dollar and a quarter.
Second the motion.
All in favor say Aye!
Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!*

*I like the little Posts,
You can have the big Posts.
Big Posts run restaurants,
Little Posts have wiener roasts.
I like the little Posts,
They make the Legion great.*

*Comrades, listen!
We got a letter.
State Headquarters wants money
For the Orphans' Home.*

*Comrade Commander!
I move we give ten dollars!
Second the motion!
All in favor say Aye!
Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!*

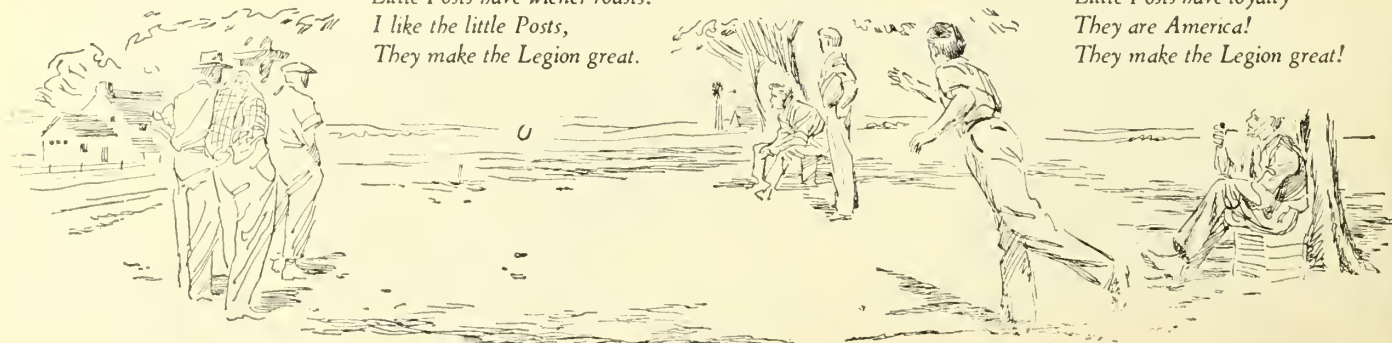
*Comrade Commander!
Bill Smith's widow's
Havin' a bit of hard luck
Since we buried Bill.
I move we give her
Twenty-five dollars.
She can use it.
Second the motion!
All in favor say Aye!
Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!*

*Comrade Commander!
I move next meeting
We have a keg of beer.
Let's have hot dogs.
Second the motion!
All in favor say Aye!
Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye! Aye!*

*I like the little Posts,
You can have the big Posts.
Big Posts have club bars,
Big Posts have card members—
Mostly card members—
I like the little Posts,
They make the Legion great.*

*Comrade Commander!
Good of the Legion!
Comin' Armistice Day,
Where do we go to church this year?
Well, let's see!
Last year Methodist,
Year before, Presbyterian,
Year before that Synagogue.
Guess this year it's Irish.
This year St. Dominic's.
Here's your committee—
McNamara, Epstein,
Emerson and Harrison
See Father Callahan,
Make arrangements
For 11:30 mass.*

*I like the little Posts,
You can have the big Posts.
Big Posts have lots of members—
Little Posts have friendship—
Little Posts have loyalty—
They are America!
They make the Legion great!*

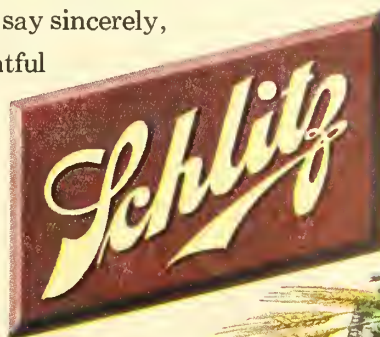




“We always expect unexpected guests”

You can expect good friends to come your way often when you make Schlitz a customary part of your welcome. Like your own cordial handclasp and smile of greeting, this fine beer helps you say sincerely, “We’re glad you came.” In its delightful aroma, there’s the fragrance of hospitality itself...the flavor of friendship in each sparkling glass. The very name on the label tells your guests that for them, you bring out the best.

Copyright 1947, Jos. Schlitz Brewing Co., Milwaukee, Wis



The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

WINTHROP'S

GLEN GRAIN

There's nothing like grain to take the grind—the day in, day out beating that active men give their shoes. For first step comfort* and lasting good looks make yours Winthrops.

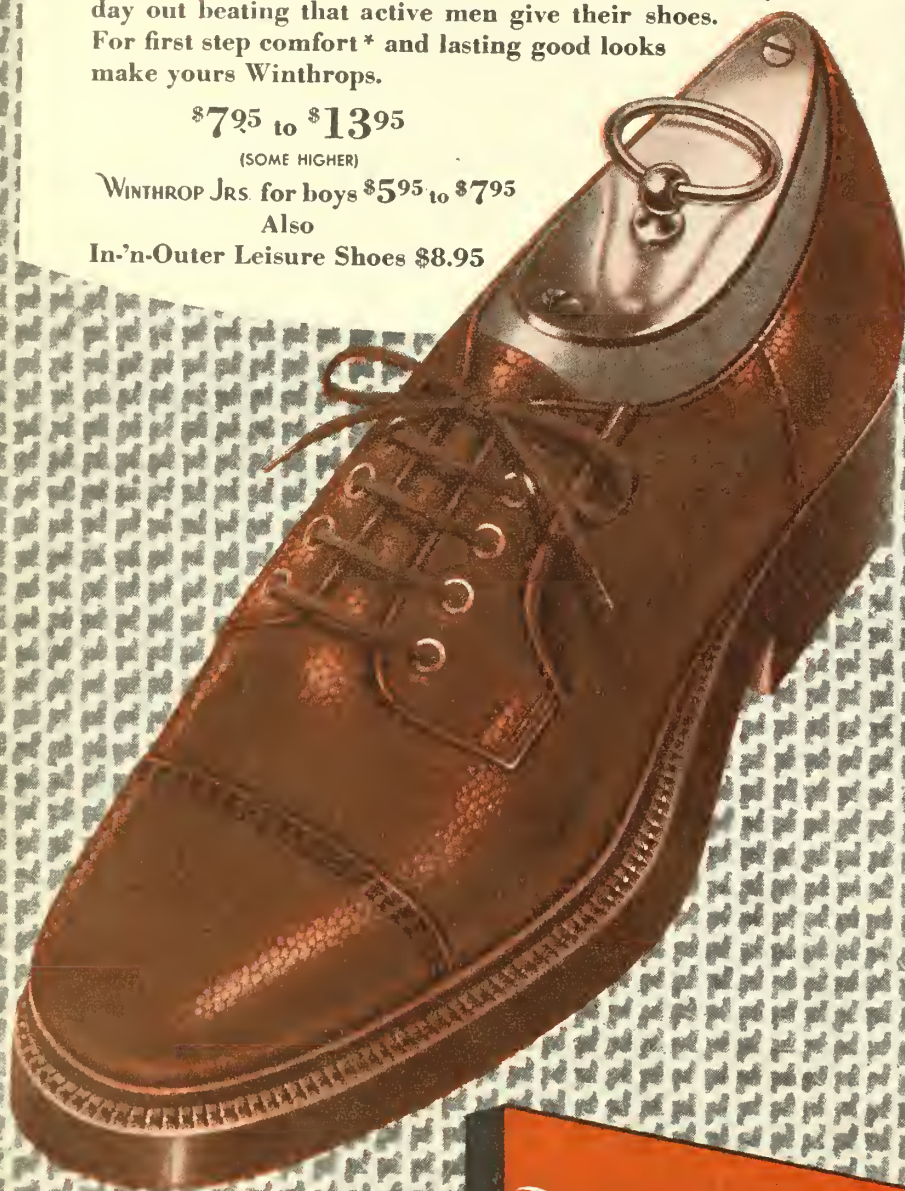
\$7⁹⁵ to \$13⁹⁵

(SOME HIGHER)

WINTHROP JR. for boys \$5⁹⁵ to \$7⁹⁵

Also

In-'n-Outer Leisure Shoes \$8.95



*WINTHROP'S ACTION-FREE

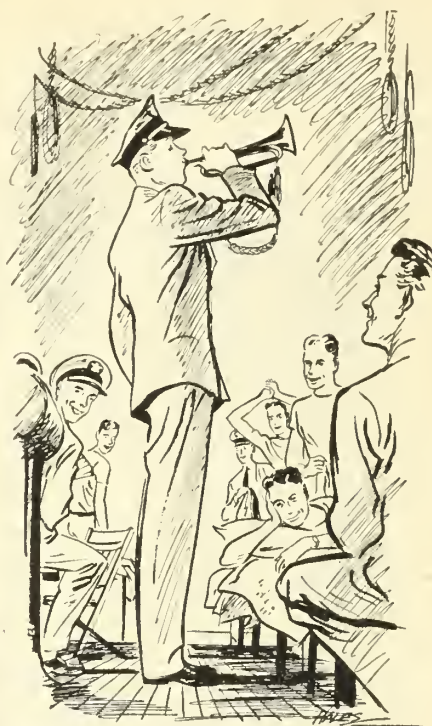
Winthrop's exclusive Action-Free insole assures perfect flexibility from the very first step and will provide smooth, cushion-comfort throughout the long life of the shoe.

**FOR FREE STYLE BOOKLET
WRITE DEPT. R**

Winthrop Shoe Co. • Div: International Shoe Company • Saint Louis



WINTHROP SHOES



Encore, Said the Ensigns

Red was a little fellow with a mus tache. He was one of a thousand newly commissioned naval officers quartered in the University of Arizona gymnasium for indoctrination.

"What can you do?" asked the interviewer when he checked in.

"Play the bugle," Red answered. "I played first trumpet with the Minneapolis Symphony."

Red became a bugler. It was a sought-after post, since buglers were excused from irksome watch standing duties. As a consequence, anyone who had ever held a horn, and many who hadn't, applied for the job.

A great majority had long neglected whatever talent they may once have had. Each night the playing of "Taps" was so sloppy as to bring a prolonged chorus of catcalls and hisses. No number of official edicts could curb this bedtime horseplay.

The first night Red had the duty things were different. The notes poured forth true and silvery, with never a slip or a second's hesitation. For several moments after the last echo faded away dead silence reigned throughout the huge gymnasium.

"Say, who is that guy?" came a reverent voice from one of the aisles.

Then someone began to clap. Soon two thousand hands paid their respects in thundering appreciation.

Red has the honor of being the first Navy bugler ever to receive applause at the end of a performance.—By Robert F. Welch

Why Hire Disabled Vets?

Ignorance and false rumors conceal the fact that there are more good reasons for employing rehabilitated veterans than there are for hiring able-bodied workers. And shockingly enough 170,000 permanently injured vets of World War II are still unemployed

By JACK SHER

NOT LONG AGO a 24-year-old veteran who had picked up three battle stars and lost the sight of one eye at Salerno, applied for a position in the New Orleans branch of a large firm whose headquarters are in Chicago. The personnel man in New Orleans told him, "The job is open, but I think our company has a taboo on employing physically handicapped men."

He said "*I think*." He wasn't thinking. He was *imagining*. The disabled veteran was not hired for that job. He reported it to a State Employment Office. An investigation was made. The executives of the Chicago firm were aghast when they were told what their branch personnel man had said. "We have never had a policy that discriminates against the physically handicapped," they stated. And they were right. But because they had not issued any positive statements urging their various personnel men to give the disabled veteran an equal chance, their man in New Orleans had "thought" a disabled vet unqualified and turned him away.

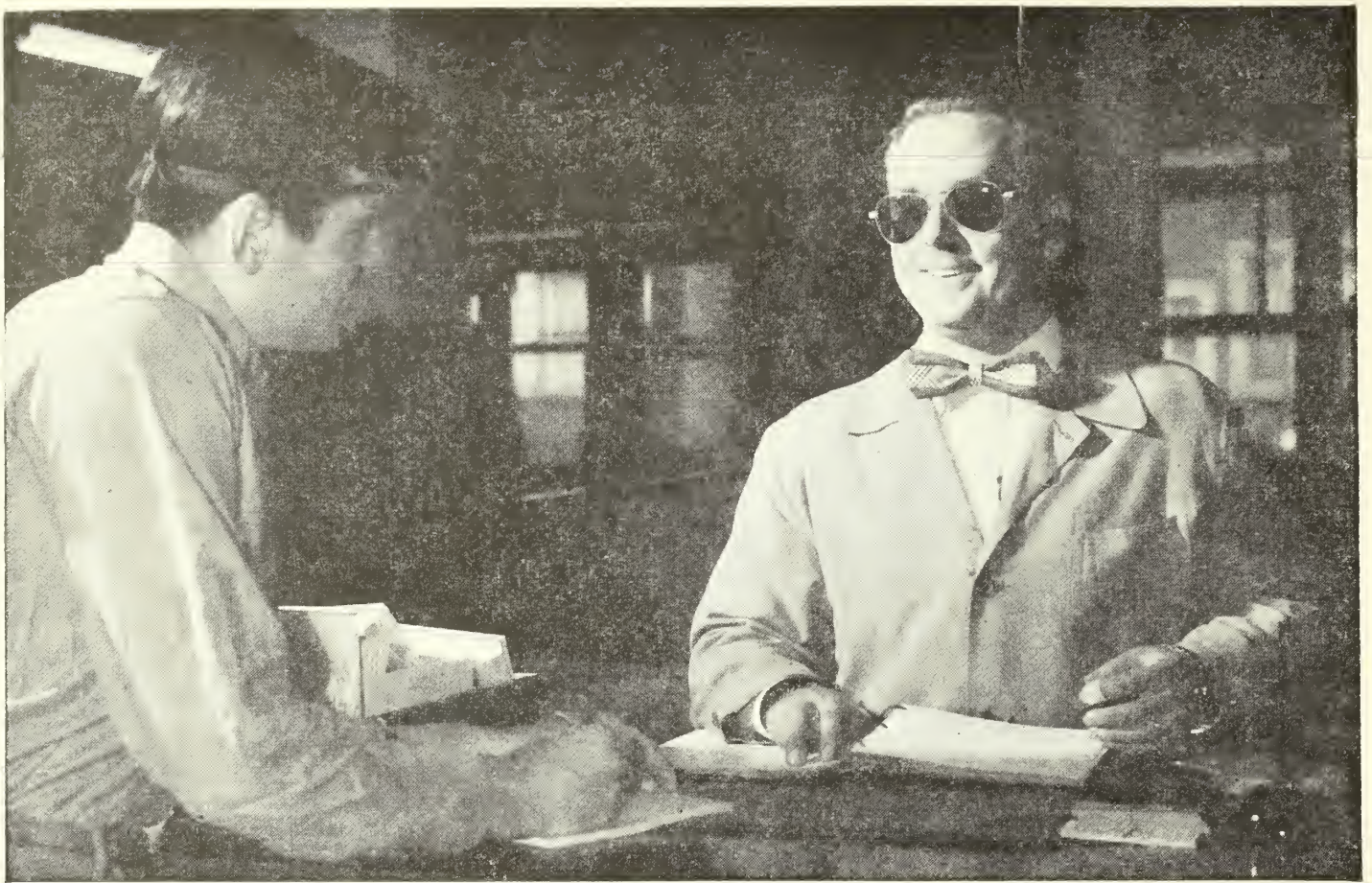
That is an example of one of the many ways employers are cheating themselves or being cheated of the chance to learn that a disabled veteran, properly placed in the production line or at the right desk, is a sound payroll investment.

In other instances it is the employer directly who does himself out of an opportunity to learn something to his advantage, who deliberately or subconsciously prevents the hiring of crippled former soldiers. Ignorance, abetted by the circulation of false ideas, works to the disadvantage of the employer and the impaired vet. And things are getting worse, not better.

Employers and vets got the best break right after V-J day, when it was good



Leonard E. Shelhammer (two fingers, no eyes) practices hobby of mask-making



Senior Clerk Shelhammer handles 12,000 callers a month without help at the reception desk of USES at Harrison, N.J. Land mine deprived him of eyesight, left arm to elbow and all but two fingers of right hand. His work, flawless

publicity, good news-copy, to do something fine for the war's living victims.

But now, as these words go down on paper, there is a smell in the air and an uneasy feeling in the stomach. The "do-good" spirit has faded away, yet far too few employers have learned that it is sound business to hire disabled former soldiers. Instead, the falsehoods and ugly rumors, like the insurance lie, have interfered, and a situation that started well is deteriorating.

An odd twist to the situation is that today, more than ever before, the men who represent management are emphasizing that production is the key to prosperity—yet 170,000 disabled veterans, who have proven themselves the most production-conscious of workers, are unemployed and many thousands more now in training or in hospitals will be looking for work during the next few years.

Unless a little sense is brought into the picture it is going to be D-Day all over again for the disabled veteran—his chance of getting a job will be slimmer and slimmer, his hope of holding one will be precarious.

By the end of the war, many large companies had already established a sound policy for hiring disabled veterans. Veteran counselors were employed who supervised the hiring of the handicapped, trained and placed them. Companies like International Harvester, Ford, Bulova, Westinghouse and

Socony-Vacuum hired thousands and, what is more important, made certain that they were placed in jobs they could do.

The results were excellent. Making exhaustive analyses to find out what particular jobs were fitted for the various disabilities of the men they hired, these companies soon discovered that properly placed disabled vets stayed "on the ball" and stepped up production wherever they worked. Case histories are too numerous to list, but here's one: John Rensberger, a totally blind veteran was trained, given special equipment and put to work on the carburetor assembly line at Harvester's Farmall plant in Rock Island, Illinois. Within a month production on the line increased fifty percent!

In labor unions, both the AFL and CIO, policies from the top were directed to help give employment to the disabled veteran. At Sperry Gyroscope the management okayed a union clause guaranteeing to employ all disabled vets who had worked for them before the war. It stated they would be given a job they could do, at the same pay they

HOW and WHY to Hire Disabled Vets

WHY

- They produce more.
- They are more conscientious.
- They stay on the job.
- They learn skills better.
- Personnel turnover is less.
- Insurance rates are NOT higher.

HOW

- Every disabled vet who receives VA unemployment compensation is registered at his nearest State Employment Office. A phone call does it.

had been getting before military service. The Upholsterers Union, CIO, set a rule that all new members must be veterans with a 10 percent or more disability. The Hotel and Restaurant Workers, AFL, did an excellent job in campaigning for the hiring of vets and protecting them on the job.

There was no disagreement between labor and management on the necessity for hiring the handicapped veteran. And the VA training program under Public Law 16 did a magnificent job of turning out skilled workmen. But, in spite of all this, after the first mass flurry of hiring, the picture began to take on darker tones.

By February, 1946, the U. S. Employment Service reported that they were only able to place one out of every 34 disabled vets who were trained to perform jobs. In June of '46, during a slight slump in the labor market, 20 percent of the able bodied vets found employment, only five percent of the disabled!

The factors then working against the disabled veteran still exist, two deadly factors that will always work against



Rufus Rogers learns typewriter repair at Sawtelle VA hospital. His heart trouble is no stumbling block to skill

him—*time* and *ignorance*. Time worked against him because, in the space of one short year, gratitude for what he had done in the war had diminished. Ignorance worked against him because not enough employers understood what the disabled veteran's basic problems were, what he could and could not do. Not enough had been done to show employers the advantages in hiring handicapped war vets. Murky notions

about them began to circulate, false rumors about risks involved, rising insurance rates.

The misinformation about insurance rules was the ugliest barrier in the way of the disabled vet who was seeking a job. It still is.

"They said that hiring disabled veterans would increase their insurance rates so much that the company couldn't afford it," one ex-infantry soldier who had lost a leg in the Battle of the Bulge recently reported to a State Employment office.

This same complaint is repeated almost daily all over the country. The disabled veteran who is given the "insurance story" in being turned down for a job is not being told the truth. Bluntly, when a company gives this reason it either is unaware of the provisions of its insurance policies or is putting forward an excuse to cover up its employment practices.

The insurance companies themselves are not at fault. They have put out tons of literature in an attempt to educate employers. *Hiring a disabled veteran in no way* (Continued on page 56)



Washington baker Theo Maggia trains Okinawa vet Joseph Gibbs in cake-making

Dizzy Dean of the Doughs



The story of S/Sgt. James J. Spurrier, Jr., a one-man task force who specialized in all sorts of fantastic exploits, including the taking of a town all by himself

By **ROBERT EUNSON**

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD BRODIE

WHenever veterans get together around a warm comfortable fireplace or a brass rail where small chunks of ice tinkle in short glasses of scotch and soda, talk sooner or later gets around to who was the toughest, fightin'est soldier they ever knew.

After spending three years following doughs, paratroopers, engineers and hot pilots in both the Pacific and Europe and reporting the exploits of at least a thousand men, you might think a reporter would not have an opinion.

With all due respect to the 32nd Division's magnificent Bottcher whose gallantry brought him a promotion in the fields of Buna from sergeant to captain, the late Nathan Van Noy, 2nd amphib Pfc who kept killing Japs even after they'd blown off both his legs at Finschhafen and the late celebrated



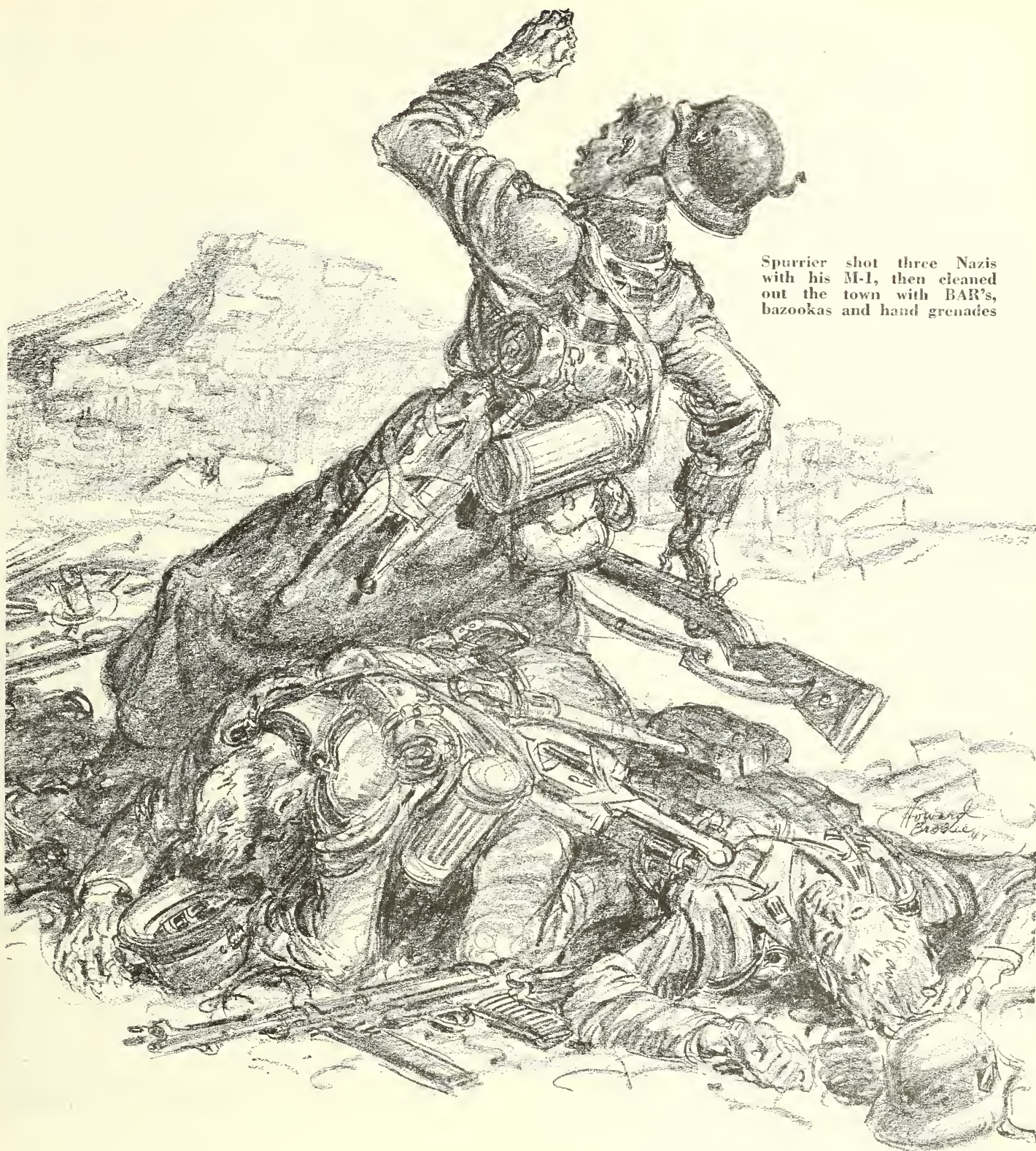
The sergeant hangs one on the President—the 35th Division pin

Major Dick Bong who shot down more than 40 Japanese planes, I would like to order another round of the same and tell you about Junior Spurrier.

S/Sgt. James J. Spurrier, Jr., of the 35th Infantry Division was the meanest, toughest, orneriest and wackiest soldier I ever knew. Little known, although he won the Congressional Medal for taking a town all by himself, the DSC,

various foreign decorations and two Purple Hearts, Spurrier in his time killed more than a hundred Germans and captured that many more.

Ernie Lieser of Stars and Stripes dubbed him "Task Force Spurrier" and he lived up to the name at all times. In fact it was such a task to keep him out of trouble when company G of the 13th Regiment wasn't in action that



Spurrier shot three Nazis with his M-1, then cleaned out the town with BAR's, bazookas and hand grenades

Lt. Col. Frederick Roecker, battalion CO, had to take personal charge of him during the time between the winning and the awarding of the CMH.

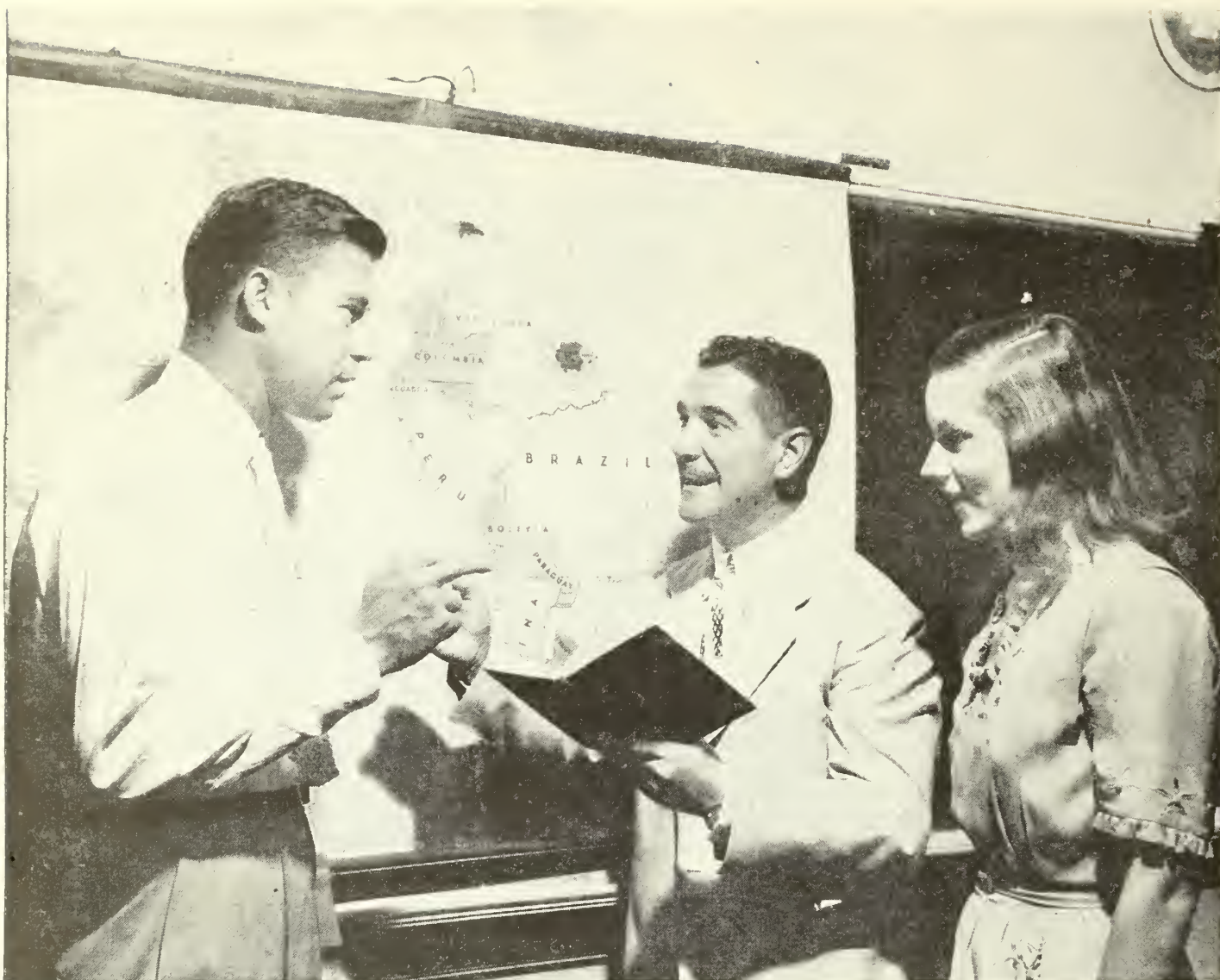
He wasn't as bad as he was unpredictable. To me he was always a Dizzy Dean. Antics such as picking up a telephone and putting the whole battalion on "alert" while it was in rest area, of going AWOL to help bring another

outfit up on the line of attack were commonplace.

Red tape delayed getting the Congressional Medal formally pinned on. As Spurrier captured Achain as a staff sergeant, it would have been not a little embarrassing to present the medal to him as a buck private. It wasn't so difficult keeping Spurrier interested in something during the Roer crossing

and the 35th's capture of Venlo and Rheinburg on the way to Wesel and the Rhine, but during the lull waiting for the Rhine crossing there were more than a few who suggested the colonel should have been given a medal too.

Some Congressional Medals are awarded to a one-shot hero, a guy that comes through gloriously when the chips are (Continued on page 42)



•Thomas W. Cooley learns Spanish from instructor Amalio M. Suarez while Mrs. Cooley kibitzes

Yanqui School for Manners

**Our Latin American neighbors have never
cared much for the wise-guy American often
wished on them. Now, instead of such boors, we
are sending men and women trained
in common courtesy in an unusual school**

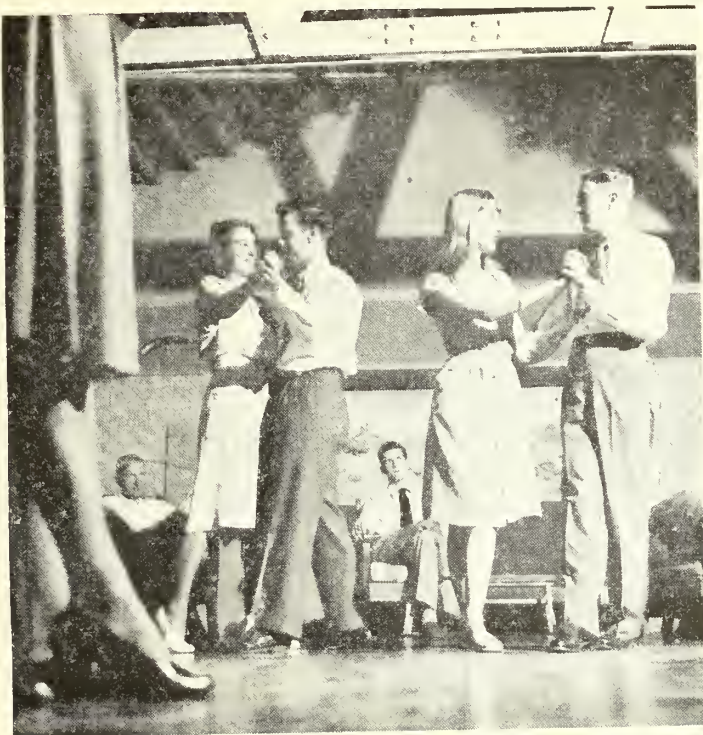
By JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

IT TOOK A LONG WHILE, but it has finally dawned on American firms doing business in Latin America that it doesn't pay to be hated. Good will, on the other hand, comes out as a cash asset in the books of our great corporations who buy and sell south of the Rio Grande.

That's why most of the three hundred young veterans and wives now training at Thunderbird Field near Phoenix, Arizona, are practically certain of foreign business assignments by the time they finish their year's course at one of the most unusual of the post-war crop of new schools.

It's called the American Institute of Foreign Trade and its purpose is to teach international business manners where the need is greatest—in Latin America. Students not only learn the economic background of the countries to which they hope to be sent, they learn the language as it is actually spoken—with a generous admixture of current slang. Even more important, they get the "feel" of the country.

They read its leading magazines and newspapers, watch its movies, play among themselves its games and sports. Instead of baseball, Institute students play soccer with Latin American rules. At campus dances, American



A tango, in the South American way, is being mastered by students at the Thunderbird Club



Wives of students at the American Institute for Foreign Trade learn etiquette with a Latin accent



The first class of the American Institute for Foreign Trade was graduated June 14, 1947

jazz gives way to the tango, the rhumba, and the waltz.

Even bull fights are part of the training course. The purpose, of course, is to explain the fine points of the spectacle, prevent the shock and disgust so often felt by unprepared newcomers. Since bull fights can't very well be enacted on the field, motion pictures of them are shown with a lecturer discussing the technique in Spanish or Portuguese.

Naturally, it takes more than good manners and a fund of small talk to do business in Latin America. The students, all of whom have had at least two years of college training, plug hard at finance and banking, accounting, management and international law. But most of the 13 faculty members are experts who came to their teaching jobs directly from experience in the field, either with the State Department or private business. They know the importance of personal adjustment to a foreign way of life, and they never let their students forget it, in or out of class.

In Latin America, the chronic complaint about North Americans and Anglo-Saxons in general is that they don't know how to drink. At the Institute, one of the first lessons they (Continued on page 55)



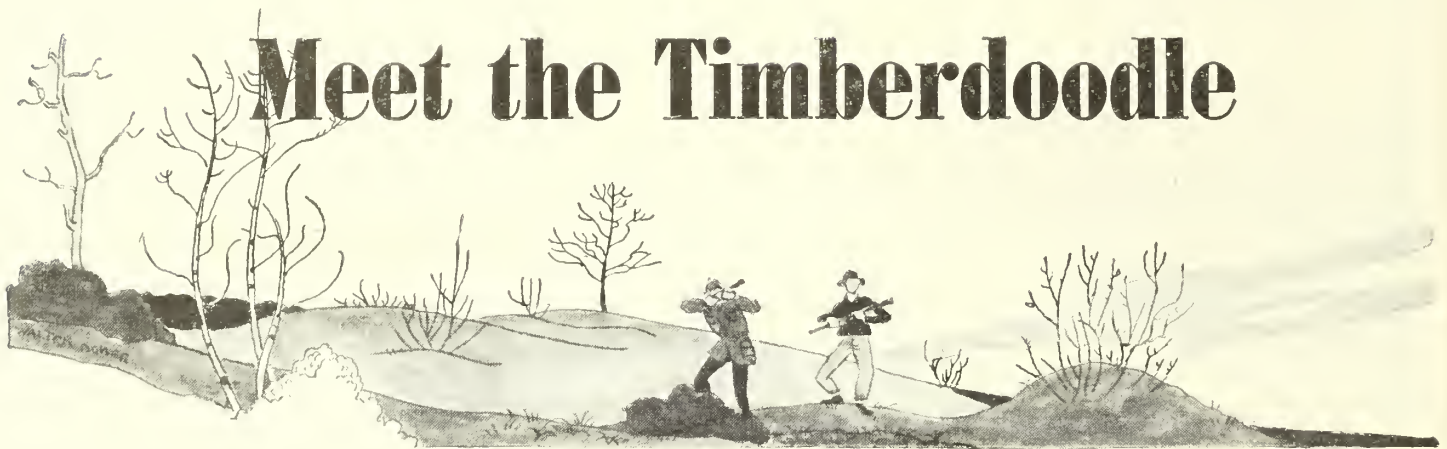
The Arizona desert seems far away as students and their wives take time out in the swimming pool



The woodcock seems made of spare parts. A "hinge" halfway down his beak lets him open and close the bill underground in search of a juicy worm



Woodcocks conceal themselves so cleverly that the photographer who took this rare snapshot almost stepped on several other fledgelings without seeing them



Meet the Timberdoodle

**He whistles with his wings,
dogs can't smell him, true
sportsmen love him. That's the
grave, quaint little woodcock,
aristocrat of gamebirds**

By HARRY BOTSFORD

IF HUNTING ever ceases to be a personal challenge and an adventure, I want no part of it. Hunting that is sheer slaughter isn't sport. I want to tackle game that gives me a run for my money, that the finding of demands a lot of leg-work, that the bagging of calls for extra good and accurate shooting.

I refuse to measure the enjoyment of a day in the woods and fields by the extent of the game I have bagged.

Rather, I want to measure it by the many adventures encountered, by a private box score of how I fared when I tried to match my wit and skill against the native shrewdness of the game. If I seek game that is hard to bag, I can have entire days of misses and still return home in great content.

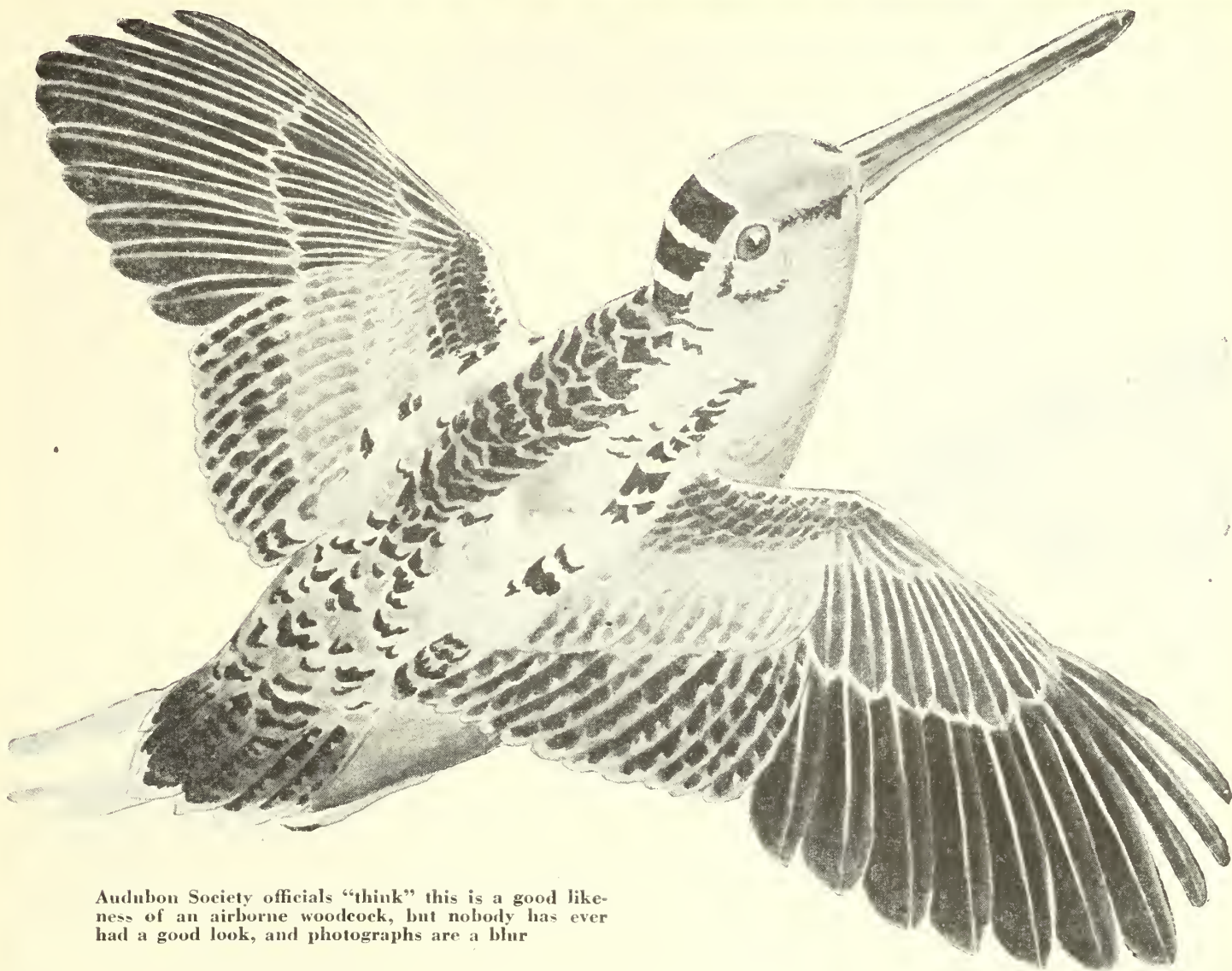
At the top of all such game, I place the woodcock. By and large, he's given me more genuine sport than any other bird. He is elusive, smart and courageous.

He gives me in superlative quantities what I think are the primary requisites of a great game bird. He has given me a world of exciting sport: he makes me work to find him—and often he has made a fool of me right at the time I thought I knew all of the answers. He keeps you humble, does the timberdoodle!

I found out about the woodcock from a generation of hunters who were real sportsmen. One of them taught me where to find the birds. For years I hunted in the cover where I thought they would naturally be found: in swamps and swales, along creeks, close to ponds and lakes. I knew that was where they fed. I found only a few isolated birds, infrequently bagged one. I had reached the conclusion that only a few woodcock existed, a feeling that is shared today by younger hunters.

Then a veteran sportsman took me in hand. The birds, he told me, were nocturnal feeders. After they had filled their bellies, they took to the little side hills, warm in October sunshine, hills covered with thick grass, briars, scrub oaks, little pines and thornapple bushes.

A new world was opened to me. Within an hour, under the tutelage of the



Audubon Society officials "think" this is a good likeness of an airborne woodcock, but nobody has ever had a good look, and photographs are a blur

oldster, I had flushed eight prime birds and bagged two of them. I was all for getting my legal limit. He voted against it.

"Let's save some for seed!" he sagely advised.

That's how I got my first lesson in conservation. I have never forgotten it.

Through the years I have learned that woodcock shooting calls for a technique, an alertness, an understanding, a deftness and skill with the gun that is not true of any other game bird. It takes years to discover this, to take advantage of your knowledge.

A California friend, a sportsman so accomplished that he often scores doubles on quail and other game birds, came East for his first woodcock hunting. He had a fine gun; his shells carried the proper loads. His confidence was almost visible.

I couldn't go with him, but I did show him some fine and dependable cover. During the morning I heard plenty of shots from that cover. I wondered if he had remembered my injunction as to the legal limit, whether he was respecting my own philosophy of killing no more than half of that limit.

At noon he returned. His face was grim. He had, it appeared, exhausted his supply of shells. He admitted, wearily and somewhat stiffly, that he had not been able to down a single bird.

"I don't mind missin'—the bird's a tricky beggar," he said fiercely and heatedly. "But, when those damned birds whistle at me after I've missed, that's too much! Me, I don't care if I never see a woodcock again."

I chuckled, promised to tell him about the whistle. I even prevailed upon him to try again the next morning. This time

I accompanied him, tried to tutor him a little. This time his pride was not evident.

He complained that the birds had an invariable habit of rising and flying directly into the sun. That is just one of the little tricks the woodcock has learned and used through the centuries. The tactic literally blinds the hunter unless he wears dark sun glasses. The answer is to stalk your birds with the sun to your back.

He also complained that the bird was virtually invisible on the ground and that he almost stepped on one before it rocketed into the air, almost in his face. He was accustomed to hunting quail, to seeing them run on the ground before they took to the air. Woodcock rose out of nowhere unexpectedly, unnerved him. I explained that there was only one defense against (Continued on page 62)

The Post Behind the Counter



**While food prices elsewhere
have been going up, up,
up, Legionnaires attending
Michigan State College got them
on the downgrade**

By ROBERT M. ASTLEY

WHAT TO DO about the rising cost of living?

This, the question of our day, has produced a lot of verbal solutions, but very little action.

To Michigan State College students in East Lansing, Michigan, it was a very realistic problem. The GI bill helped, odd jobs filled in more, but there was still not enough to feed a wife and child and still spend twenty hours in classes a week.

Something had to be done. Others talked about it. The American Legion took action.

In July, 1946, Bob Blett, the Post Commander of Red Cedar Post No. 402, called a meeting to organize a co-operative grocery on the campus. That was the first in a series of moves that today have produced a handy, fully-equipped store where college house-



Manager James Butts, right, is the only full-time employee. He belongs to Jesse B. Colley Post, in Brighton, Mich.

wives can stock their larders at prices below those of local chain concerns.

From Blett's original meeting to the grand opening on January 2, 1947, there was a lot of work. The American Legion had to be sure a co-op was what the students wanted. To find out, it sent out questionnaires. Out of 229 replies, 208 were favorable. This was all the encouragement the Legion needed.

Commander Blett immediately organized a steering committee selected from potential consumers. At this point, the Legion stepped out officially, but Post members were well represented on the committee.

Armed with consumer enthusiasm, committee members approached John Hanna, Michigan State College president. He, too, was enthusiastic and immediately stamped his approval on the proposed location adjacent to the college trailer camp.

The next step took the committee to the State Board of Agriculture with a petition for the right to incorporate as the Red Cedar Co-Operative Association. The board also approved and the organization took official form as a non-stock, non-profit corporation with capitalization unspecified.

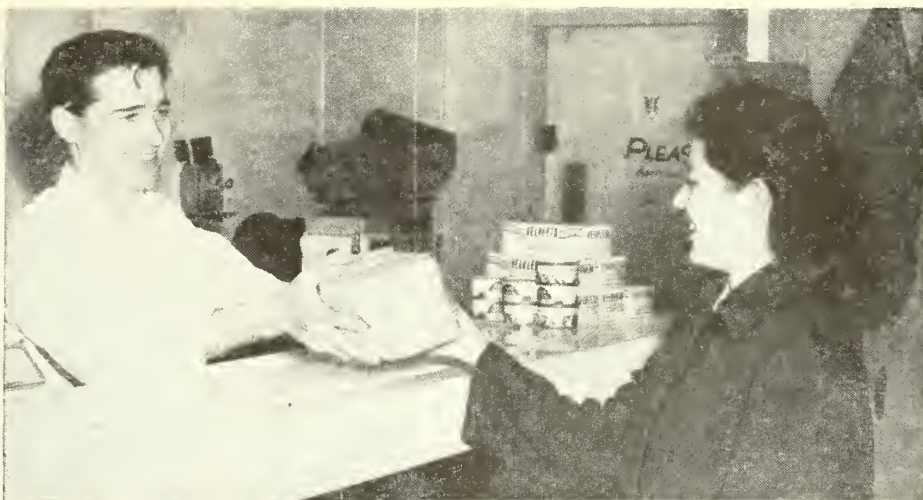
This was the third of September. By the middle of the month, a board of directors was appointed with seven members. It immediately launched a membership drive with an original goal of 200 members at a membership fee of \$25. In three short weeks, 160 members and \$4000 were recruited.

The board of directors called a meeting and got a vote of confidence to begin construction. Again, the college president was approached. This time, the directors left his office with more than encouragement. He had handed them a building with 900 feet of floor space at a rent of \$25 monthly.

True, it wasn't much of a building, but it was a start. Michigan State College is undertaking a large construction program and the prospective building was nothing more than a construction shack used as an office.

The next problem facing the directors was the matter of laying a foundation and moving the building on it. A construction company quoted them a figure of \$815 for the job. They ended up by doing it themselves at a total cost of \$28.

It took longer their way, but with 60 volunteers on hand, the foundation was finished and the building moved by the first of December.



Mrs. Eugene D. Strang gets her roast from Clarence Prince, student-clerk



Three months after opening, the Co-op held open house for grown-ups and kids

In another ten days, the store was cleaned, painted and ready for business, except for one thing. The shelves were empty.

Another membership meeting was called and the subject of a manager considered. It was impractical for a student to take the job. No one had the time. Instead, the members decided to hire an outside manager.

An advertisement in the local paper brought 22 applicants and the board of directors decided on James Butts, the present manager. He's a member of The American Legion in Jesse B. Colley Post No. 235 in Brighton, Mich.

Butts is the only full-time employee. He gets \$50 weekly. Other employees are students who work part time on an hourly wage scale and a student treasurer who draws \$50 a month.

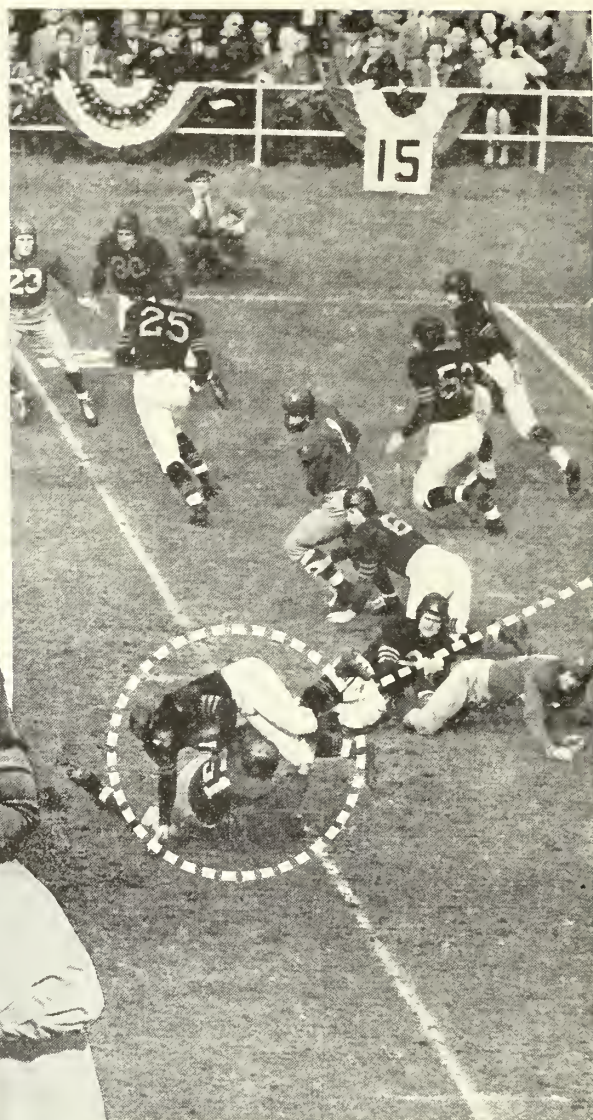
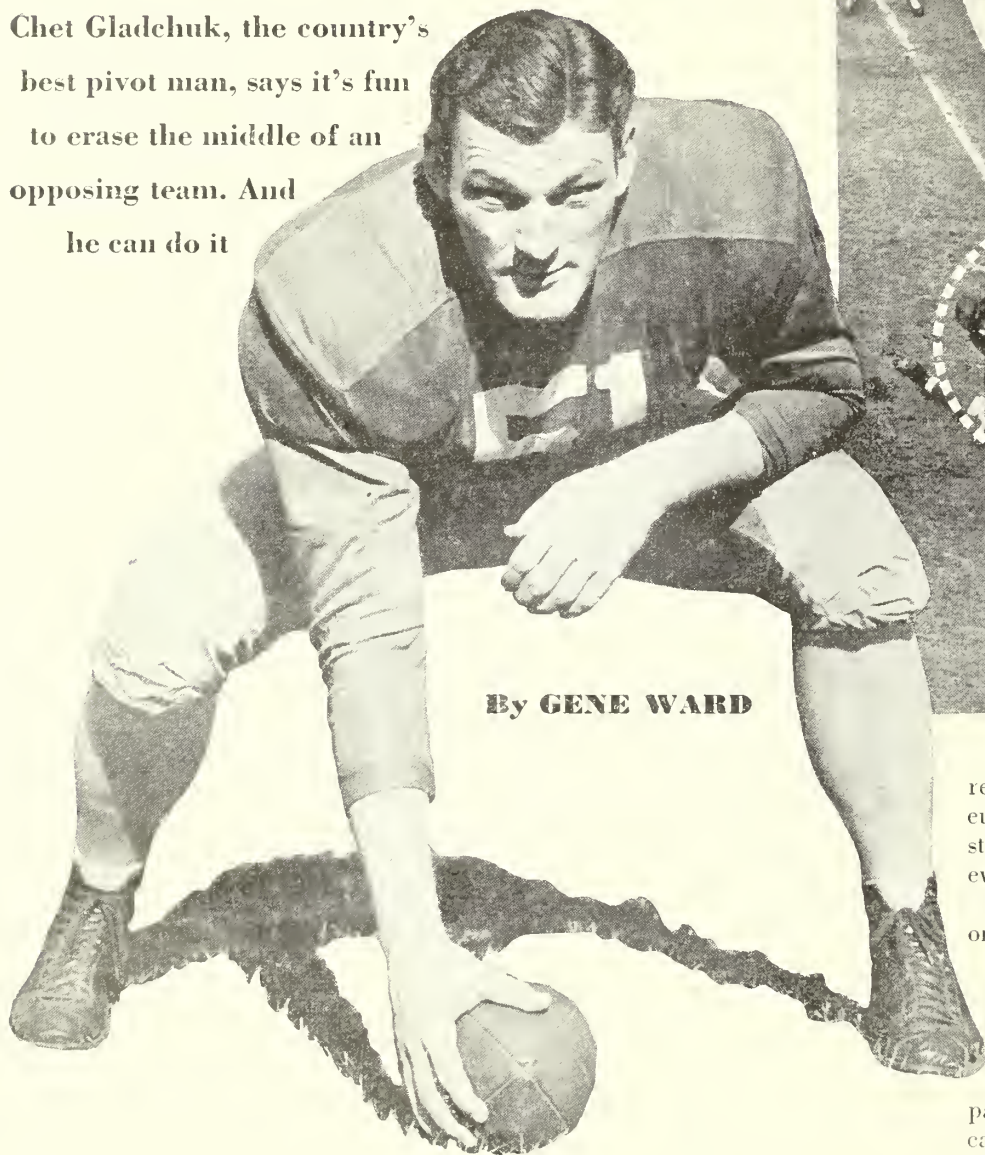
With a full-time manager on the scene, it was only a question of days before goods began to appear on the shelves and, on January 2, 1947, with a membership totaling 219, the Red Cedar Co-op began business. Manager Butts took in \$115 the first day.

A month later, a meat market was added and the daily sales jumped to \$240. Today, the daily rate has reached \$280 and is (Continued on page 36)

How to Play Center and Like It

Chet Gladchuk, the country's
best pivot man, says it's fun
to erase the middle of an
opposing team. And
he can do it

By GENE WARD



CHESTER GLADCHUK, center of the New York Giants professional football team, holds a unique advantage over other centers for he is the only one in professional football who shoots the pigskin to the right man in the backfield without looking through his legs at the intended target. With his eyes and concentration directed forward for his blocking assignment instead of aimed

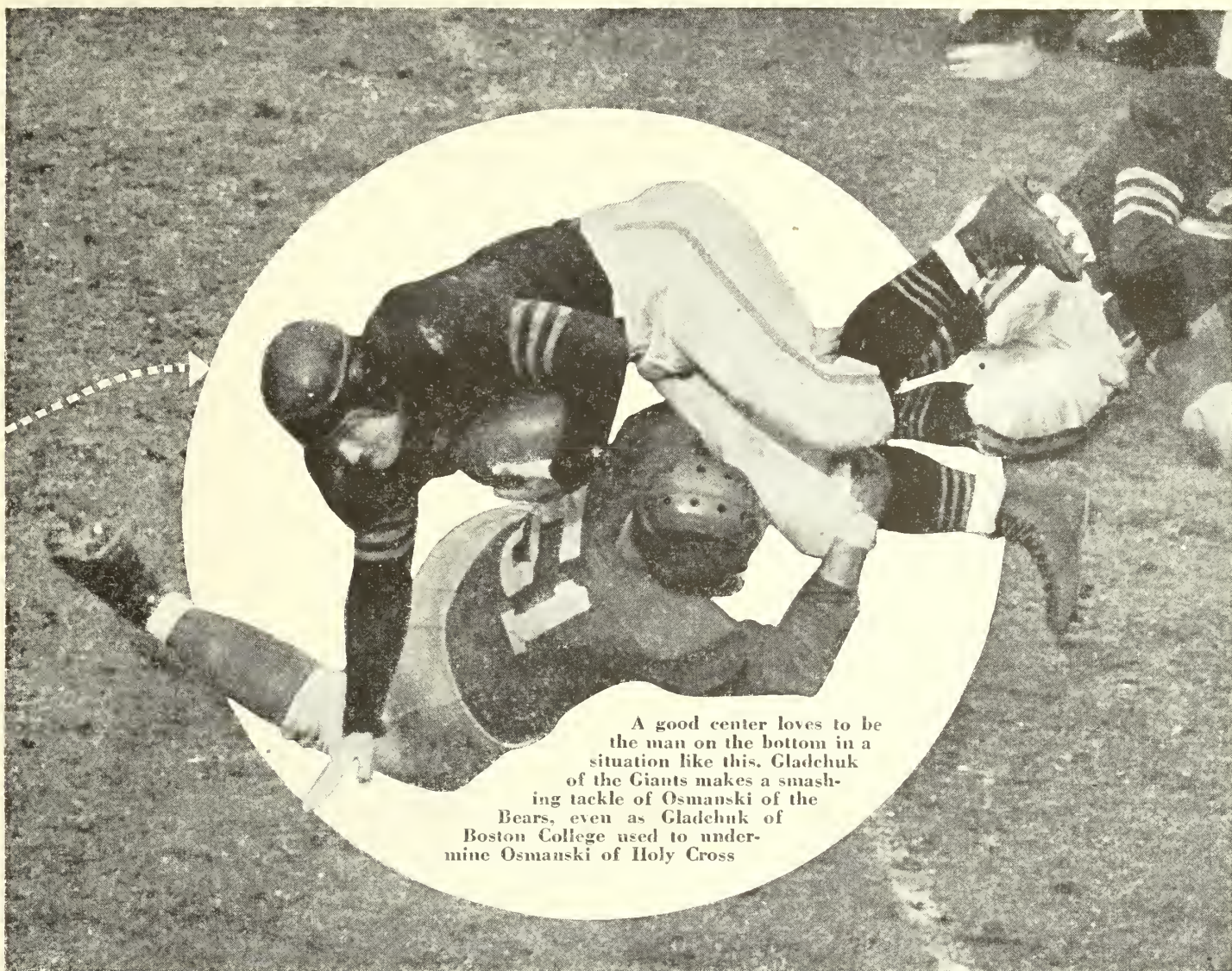
to the rear, and his body thus more perfectly poised, he is a far more important offensive player than the average pivot, who must look back to complete the conventional snapback.

That is one of Gladchuk's many "extra" qualifications which have earned him general recognition as the finest center playing today on any gridiron. Yet this is but his second season as a

regular on a pro team. Gladchuk was cut out to be a top lineman, but he started his career in the backfield. However, he didn't stay there long.

In a sandlot football game long ago on the outskirts of Bridgeport, Connecticut, the east side played the west side, and young Gladchuk was at a halfback post. Chester's team received the kickoff. On the first play from scrimmage he acted the part of decoy, faking the role of ball-carrier while the other halfback lugged leather. The play went off far too perfectly for Chester, who acted his man-with-the-ball part so nicely that a huge tackle thundered through and laid him low.

That decided Gladchuk. He made up his mind then and there that he would rather dish it out as a lineman than take it as a back—and the glory could go hang. Since then he has always played in the line, has loved playing in the



A good center loves to be the man on the bottom in a situation like this. Gladchuk of the Giants makes a smashing tackle of Osmanski of the Bears, even as Gladchuk of Boston College used to undermine Osmanski of Holy Cross

line and would never consider playing anywhere else. His favorite football maneuver is the old fashioned wedge wherein the center, God willing, smacks everybody within reach on the opposing side as hard as he can, knocks them down, jumps on them and thus allows the insignificant character with the ball to go places and score touchdowns. His second preference is the dealing out of bone-jarring tackles to hapless ball-carriers of the foe.

These cyclonic tactics, plus a number of refinements he has improvised in the art of playing center, carried 240-pound, six-foot-four Gladchuk out of the sandlots, up through the condition of being All-American center at Boston College, and on to the top of the professional football heap, as pivot man for the New York Giants.

Soft spoken, and looked upon as a gentle-spirited giant off the playing field, he is a human catapult when the

whistle blows, a throw-back to the old days before razzle-dazzle was injected into what had been a rock-'em-sock-'em game pure and simple.

It took a southern gentleman to summarize accurately the wallop which Chet—he discarded the Chester long ago—picks on a football field. It was in the Tulane-Boston College game of 1940, the year B.C. went undefeated and beat Tennessee for the Sugar Bowl crown. Tulane had a trick shift and the first time the southerners used it the entire Boston team shifted with them except Gladchuk. He diagnosed the operation. Around came Tulane's ace ball-carrier on a naked reverse with a clear field ahead for a touchdown, and up charged Gladchuk to bat him to earth.

When the Tulane back had picked himself off the grass and recovered his wind he gasped, "You all sure do hit hard!"

"What do you mean *you all*?" asked

Gladchuk. "I'm the only one here."

"It *felt* like you all," muttered the back as he shuffled off to the next huddle.

In saving that situation Gladchuk demonstrated some of the refinements, in addition to brawn, speed and the love of contact, that a center must achieve to rise to the top of the heap. The center, more than any other lineman, must diagnose plays—for he is actually a back when on the defensive and a lineman at the same time. As a defensive back he has equal responsibility with the other backs to stop men who have broken through the line. Yet, like the linemen, he must also prevent 2-yard gains when he can. Chet can diagnose with the best of them, for he has made most of the mistakes and learned from them. Then, to nail his man, Gladchuk uses a certain formula for open field tackles, and considering he is one of the best in (Continued on page 44)

Report From Hollywood

By R. WILSON BROWN

The American Legion Magazine's ambassador to the film capital discusses castles, spiders, lazy authors, veterans, Britishers and other matters related to the silver screen

Is Hollywood Immoral?

Actor Dane Clarke thinks not. "I don't say that people here wouldn't like to be immoral," he says, "but there's less of it in the movie business than in most businesses. In the first place an actor comes home dead tired after working from 6 A. M. to 7 P. M. I've seen those little girls hoofing all day on the set. I know darn well they don't go out at night." Then he added: "No matter what you do in Hollywood, it gets all over the papers. Then people all over the country, who've been doing the same thing, look down their noses and shake their heads and say, 'Aren't Hollywood morals awful?'"

I believe Dane hit the nail on the head in his conclusion. It's just that out here everything is out in the open and public domain, so to speak. So it gets into print. As far as the pictures themselves are concerned, only occasionally is a rumpus stirred up over the moral issue. In the past twelve months, Howard Hughes' *The Outlaw*, in which Jane Russell wears rather scanty garb, and Selznick's *Duel in the Sun*, which does get warm in spots, are the only films which created much of a stir.

In England, however, the art versus morality controversy is booming as a result of a British picture called *The*



Remember Cecil B. DeMille's *Ben Hur* and *King of Kings*? Equally stupendous will be *The Unconquered*, just completed

Brothers. Americans who have seen the picture say it won't make the American screen. One reviewer described it as a chronicle of "rape, murder, family curses, floggings, and hand-to-hand fighting" and pointed out that the star's clothing always seems on the verge of falling off, one of the things that caused U. S. censorship troubles over Britain's *The Wicked Lady*. The *London Evening News* critic went so far as to label a "sadism" charge against the picture and wrote that one scene shows a man cutting off one of his own fingers with horrifying facial expressions which "exceeds legitimate dramatic limits." Others questioned the flogging of the feminine star and a scene in which a man is floated in the ocean with a fish tied to his head so that seagulls striking at the fish break his skull.

As to our stars, people point to Artie Shaw and his five (or is it six?) wives,



This fire scene, with Joan Bennett and Michael Redgrave, was the McCoy

to Arline Judge, who is now married to her fifth husband, and Frankie Sinatra's occasional fights, and view us with alarm. But how many hundreds, or thousands, create worse stirs which we don't hear about because they aren't well enough known for their escapades to be bandied about in print?

DeMille Scores Again

I got a peek at a sneak preview of Cecil B. DeMille's *Unconquered* which took two years and \$3,500,000 to make and which Paramount will release in November with the biggest advertising campaign in film history. While I am not one to fall for the usual Hollywood adjectives, there is no way to describe the picture but to use the adjective "tremendous." It's DeMille's first picture since *The Story of Dr. Wassel* in 1943, and lives up to the reputation he made with such bygone epics as *Ben Hur* and *King of Kings*.

Top acting is done by Gary Cooper and Paulette Goddard, with an excellent supporting cast. It's the story of a man who freed a bond slave and found himself in bondage to her, of another who sought to conquer a country and was conquered by it. It tells the story of a people of the pre-Revolutionary era of 1763 who know the cost of winning personal freedom in uncharted wilderness through heroism, torment and inde-

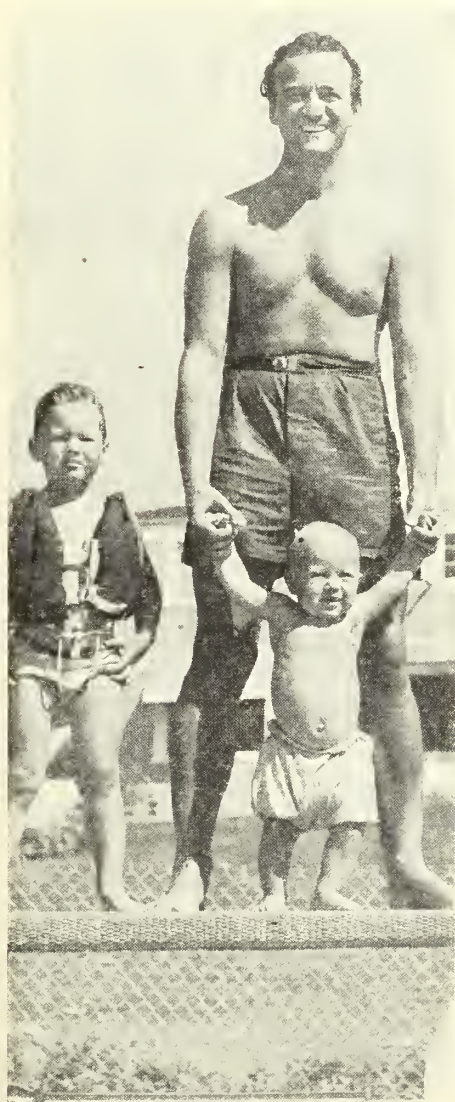
scribable pain. It's worth seeing.

A Castle of Make-Believe

On the Universal-International set of *The Lost Moment*, which stars Robert Cummings and Susan Hayward, I saw the creation of make-believe in grand style. The picture called for an old Italian castle in which Susan and Agnes Moorehead, who plays her 105-year-old aunt, live and where Cummings comes to reside. In the short space of three weeks, workmen constructed the castle, entirely of wood and plaster, and there it stands, appearing at least 100 years old, with garden, huge rooms, overhead passageways, balconies, winding staircases, patios, bridges, high outer walls, iron gates and stone walks. To age the castle, cobwebs were being sprayed generously, some walls were only partially plastered to show deterioration, tall dried grass and weeds were being set out to give a "run down" appearance. Dried out vines straggle on the walls. It is all a masterpiece of ingenuity. Incidentally, 250 Latin type bit players were engaged in the cast.

So Weaves the Spider

Seeing all those spider webs on the castle stirred up my energy to go over to Warner Brothers to look in on Robert D. Martin, the man who gave the spider its first com- (Continued on page 65)



Ex-Commando David Niven, appearing soon in *Bishops Wife*, and his sturdy sons

THE POST BEHIND THE COUNTER

(Continued from page 31)

increasing steadily. In addition, the membership is growing. The latest figure is 315.

On April 1, the board of directors and members held a celebration and surveyed the results of the first three months of operation. They found their store had grossed \$16,827 and that a substantial dividend check for every member was available from the profits.

They also found that their markup, lowest in the Lansing area, was still too high. As a result, their prices took a 4 percent drop while those in most of the nation's groceries went up.

With the store now financially sound, the board of directors adopted a new membership policy. The original fee stayed at \$25, but under the new system, a new member may make purchases at the store as soon as he has paid \$10 of his fee. He collects dividends on a percent of total purchase basis like the rest, but they are held for him until he has paid the full \$25.

All membership fees, as before, are returned in full to the member when he desires to drop his membership for any reason.

The co-op has made progress, but the directors believe there's more to come. They expect to bring prices still lower by increasing the membership total and the gross sales with it. They also are cutting costs by arranging to do all buying possible through co-operative wholesale associations.

The future is bright and the members are confident. They know they'll get every protection possible from skyrocketing prices because they are proprietors of their own store. This gives them a sense of security mingled with the pride of ownership.

As one member put it to the world after a complete inspection on his first trip to the store, "You know, I own part of this."

Michigan State's American Legion Red Cedar Post No. 402 is proud, too. Its baby has blossomed into a full-fledged solution for a problem that others have only talked about.

THE END



Mighty Casey

By Gail M. Raphael

Casey, as he was known to the men of a certain Coast Guard base in Florida, was a rotund Southerner in his late thirties who made his debut among us in a king-size Cadillac.

A seaman first-class, he had been the head of his own insurance company in private life, accustomed to ferreting out the meaning of the smallest type in the weightiest documents. Hence he took it upon himself to handle the endless flow of red tape emanating from headquarters. Soon Casey knew more about official Coast Guard memoranda than anyone in Florida.

Then Casey embarked on a new project. In his spare time he started to revise the book of Coast Guard Regulations, which had been unchanged for years. When his volume was finished, Casey, ignoring the warnings of buddies who suspected that the tome would not be appreciated at headquarters, forwarded it through channels to a Navy Board in Washington.

In the course of going through channels, the book came to the attention of a crusty four-striper at New Orleans, who made frequent inspection trips throughout the district. On his next visit to our base this captain's first inquiry concerned Casey—to the effect that "if that

blankety seaman has nothing better to do with his time send him to sea."

Hearing of this, Casey was both hurt and angry. Seizing upon an obscure paragraph in Naval Regulations permitting "aggrieved" personnel to appeal directly to the Secretary of the Navy, he composed a long and indignant letter citing his humble efforts to improve the service and commenting bitterly on the way they had been received. In vain Casey's friends urged him not to mail the letter.

Weeks passed without action. Then suddenly lightning struck, not once but twice. First Casey heard from Washington. His letter came back from the Naval Suggestion Board where it had finally arrived endorsed by several admirals. The Board thanked Casey for his "valuable contribution" and promised to consider his amendments when Coast Guard Regulations were next revised.

But a greater glory was on the way. Via the grapevine from New Orleans came word that Casey's nemesis, the captain, had been ordered to immediate sea duty. It was undoubtedly a routine transfer but Casey hailed it as a personal triumph. And for months afterwards he was pointed out to awed arrivals as the only enlisted man who had ever sent a four-striper to sea.



BLUEPRINT FOR WW III

(Continued from page 15)

hampered by false economy measures and curious external pressures in its endeavor to adjust this situation.

So what happened? In 1924 the great Fabrique Nationale plant in Belgium, a firm originally founded by a Belgian-German cartel late in the last century, undertook manufacture of Mauser pattern rifles. Interestingly enough, these arms for sale to South America and the Orient were practically identical with the *improved rifle* as developed by the German Reichswehr between 1918 and 1924! These rifles were made in calibers 7 mm. and 7.65 mm. as a rule for South America, but were also made for the German 7.9 mm. Incidentally, in case of emergency the smaller calibers could be readily changed to the larger one. When the Germans took over Belgium in War II, the arms plants and stocks there were easily integrated into the German service.

YOU CAN see at a glance how the system worked: Since the equipment going to South America from 1924 on was of German design, there was no interference with the German military, police and commercial systems as originally instituted there.

Also in 1924 a great rifle factory in the newly established Czechoslovak nation undertook large-scale precision manufacture. While the Czechs had a formal alliance with France, and worked with the French on some machine weapon development, the rifles manufactured were again very close counterparts of the newly redesigned German service pattern. Some of these arms went to South America, some to the Near East, some to the Orient. The customary caliber was the official German 7.9 mm.

When Germany entered Czecho-Slovakia, once again the armament plants and stockpiles were such that they could be put into immediate service. When you consider that just one of these plants, the CZ works at Brno, employed 20,000 men and the most improved forms of machinery, the value of the Czech conquest to Germany becomes as evident as a red light against a black background. Of course the world did not know these things when Germany won the Sudetenland in 1938.

If those Czech factories now undertake to fill the legitimate small arms need for security purposes in the twenty-one nations still using Mauser equipment, who will deny that it must be with express Russian consent? This is no attack on the Czechs. Britain and France were unable to help them in their hour of need. Some collaborationist businessmen had made them a set-up for Germany. Russia is now on their doorstep. If they can export arms to fill legitimate needs they will do so.

Remington Announces a Great New Shot Shell!

New Remington Flat-Top Crimp

Eliminates Blown Patterns



**The Biggest Advance in Shot Shell
Performance Since Choke Boring!**

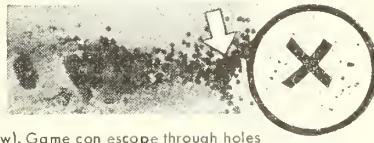
Now, every hunter can have the satisfying assurance that his gun pointing, *not chance*, will decide whether or not he bags his game. The powerful new Remington Express shell has the New Remington Flat-Top Crimp, which completely eliminates "blown" patterns.

There's nothing to obstruct the shot

charge or cause uneven distribution of the pellets. You get a perfect pattern every time... maximum effectiveness at all ranges. Remington Arms Company, Inc., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

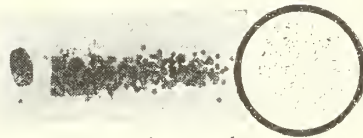
What Causes Blown Patterns?

This spark photograph shows how old style crimp causes obstruction of the shot charge scattering the pellets (arrow). Game can escape through holes in resultant "blown" pattern.



A Perfect Pattern in the Making!

This spark photograph shows the unobstructed flight of the shot charge resulting from the New Remington Crimp. There are no thin areas in pattern for game or targets to slip through.



Limited Availability . . . Shortages of materials have made it impossible to make enough new Remington Express Shells to meet the full demand. If unable to get them, shoot the fine Remington shells your dealer does have in stock.

Remington



"If It's Remington—It's Right!"

And if the United States fails to fill the void, the Czechs under Russian aegis certainly *will be able to*. If communist influences follow, can we truly blame anyone but ourselves? Until the millennium comes, police and the military must be equipped to preserve law and order. If that equipment does not come from democratic sources, it must come from those dominated by communists. Today there is *no neutral source*.

In 1925 the newly created Poland undertook large scale small arms manufacture. Again the German design and calibers were used. And Poland too entered the international arms picture by re-equipping some Balkan units at a time when Germany herself was unable to do so.

WHEN THE Germans overran Poland, the same dismal story was repeated. The equipment and calibers, the supplies and factories, were all readily assimilated into the German machine.

Let us look a little further into the German development system which enabled that country to rise from the depths of defeat in 1918 almost to the pinnacle of world power in 1940.

In a series of frank articles openly published in *Wehrtechnische Monatshefte* in 1942-'43, Technical Inspector Morawietz of the German Manufacturing Service took the mask off numerous foreign sources used by the Germans in developing new equipment. *If we keep in mind that this system may be used at some future time to develop atomic bombs or other weapons of decision, the necessity for a close study of the subject becomes alarmingly apparent!*

The first practical submachineguns, or machine pistols as the Germans classed them, were the "MP 18 I" type introduced by the Germans just as War I drew to a close. Submachine guns were among the most important War II weapons.

Morawietz wrote: "The firm Haenel in Suhl and the engineer Hugo Schmeisser had taken out the manufacturing rights for the MP 18 I. They modernized it and introduced it as the MP Schmeisser 28 II. Since the Treaty of Versailles prohibited the manufacture of all war weapons in Germany, Haenel transferred the manufacturing rights to the firm Pieper in Herstal, Belgium. This model was accepted by the Belgian Army."

Schmeisser later developed the German MP 38 and 40, the familiar and terrifying "burp" guns of War II. His plants and those of a score of other important manufacturers at Suhl are now in Russian territory.

Morawietz continued: "The firm Rheinmetall also was interested in the construction of machine pistols. Its factory in Switzerland, the Solothurn works, made the MP 'Solothurn' used by the Austrian Army and the Austrian Police."

The Solothurn works developed light

machine guns among other arms. When the great German Simson plant supposedly manufacturing baby carriages ground out huge quantities of parts for the German Light Machine Gun 34 known to every European veteran, many of these parts went to Solothurn for assembly.

Rheinmetall, one of the largest machine gun makers of War II, was the only plant in Europe to duplicate the Belgian Browning automatic shotgun and offer it for export sale. This fact would indicate liaison with great Belgian interests, even though denied. Hermann Goering was a large stockholder in Rheinmetall, by the way.

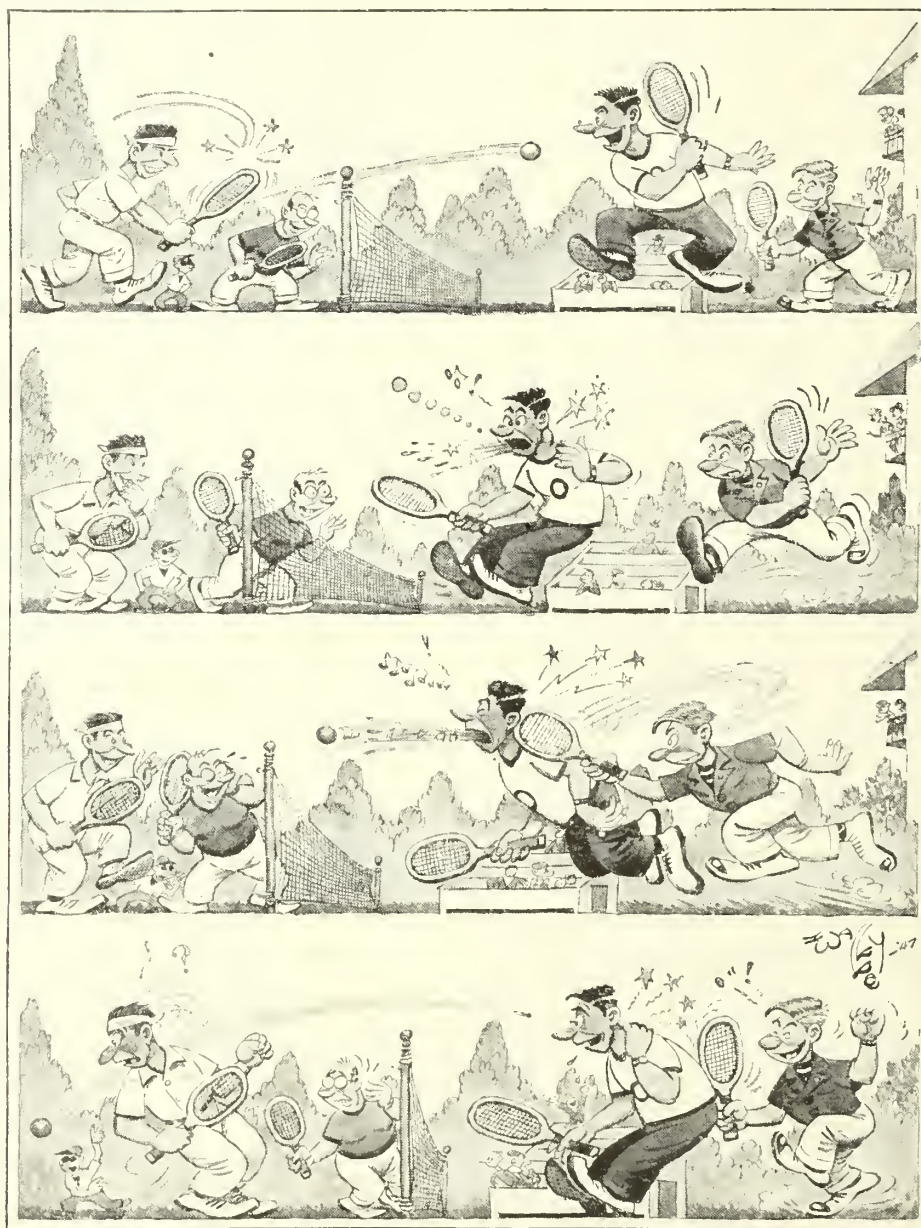
"The sales office of the firm Bergman and Company," Morawietz continued, "has sold an MP since 1932, which is made at the rifle factory Schultz and Larsen, Otterup (Sweden). The Swedish Army adopted that weapon in 1937."

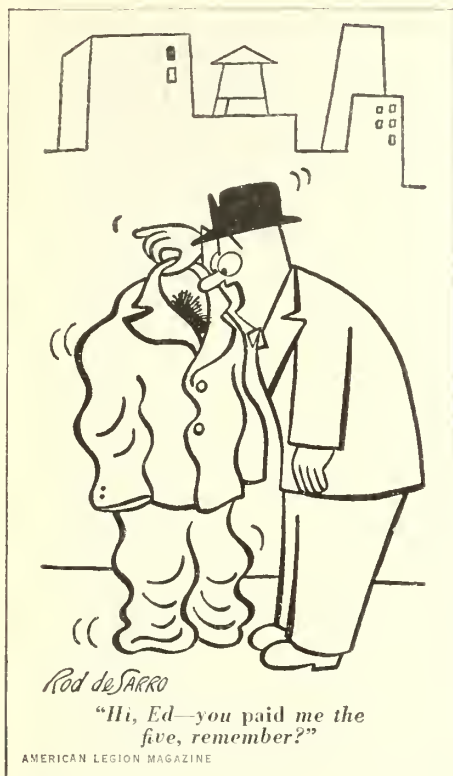
All these arms, as well as others developed in Russia, France and Italy received their initial tests in the tragic Spanish Civil War. By that time the great Mauser and Genschow arms and tool organizations had rebuilt their South American and Asiatic distributorships, and were forming companies "under the direction of men well versed in the methods and ideals of the Fatherland," as a Genschow catalog of 1934 blandly put it!

Meanwhile the firm of Georg Frank of Hamburg undertook the disposal of huge quantities of war supplies as such. If a nation wanted the cheapest used supplies, this firm could provide anything from 20,000 War I German Model 98 rifles to 450,000 Model 1917 U. S. Enfields! Ammunition? 155,000,000 rounds of British .303 cartridges was just one incidental. Railway guns? They had them from France. Tanks? You could have French or

TEAMWORK

By Wally





THE HAND OF A
IS BEHIND THIS



MASTER CRAFTSMAN
TRUSTED TRADE-MARK

*Superb styling . .
fine leathers . . .
long-lasting
satisfaction . . .
all yours at a
fair price when
you wisely buy*

Douglas

Top Style 6644
The CORONADO
Center Style 6628
The CRUISER
Bottom Style 6607
The CAMPUS



Douglas Shoes

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON 15, MASS.

STORES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES—GOOD DEALERS EVERYWHERE

WANTED MAN WITH CAR

**No Time Like
Now to Get In
McNess Business**

It's no trick to make good money when you use your car as a McNess "Store on Wheels." Farmers buy everything they can from McNess Men because McNess Products are tops in quality, represent extra values. Attractive business-getting prizes and premiums; also money-saving deals to customers make selling McNess daily necessities a snap.

We Supply Capital—Start Now!
There's no better work anywhere. Pays well, permanent, need no experience to start, and we supply capital to help you get started quick. You begin making money first day. Write at once for McNess Dealer Book. It's FREE. Tells all—no obligation. (1)

THE MCNESS CO., 431 Adams St., Freeport, Ill.



**Use Your
CAR
to Raise
Your
PAY**

HOW WELL DO YOU HEAR?

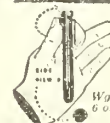
The American Veteran Is ...

**ENTITLED TO
THE BEST...**

PARAVOX

ONE-CASE • ONE-CORD
HEARING AID

Pat. No. 2,411,122



Shorter
Than a Pen

Brings to your ear, clearly, increased volume of sounds. Dealers almost everywhere. Serviced in one minute. Up to 75% saving on "A" batteries. One year guarantee. Send for facts.

Accepted by the Council on Physical Medicine, American Medical Association

PARAPHONE HEARING AID, INC.
20013 E. 4th St., CLEVELAND 15, OHIO



**'XTRA
THIN**

BOOKLETS
mailed to
you in
plain
envelope
FREE

Write Today

Czech with any equipment you cared to specify.

While the hidden German Army Command laid the plans for aggression and developed the arms to be put into production, the gigantic Deutsche and Dresdner banks provided the finances to put those plans into operation.

U. S. Military Government investigators describe these banking organizations as "the economic branch of the Wehrmacht." They were directly connected with Krupp, I. G. Farben and the international Hermann Goering Works. The U.S.M.G. report specifically states that "the plan for economic penetration was always worked out before the military attack or an occupation of a given country." The financial network covering much of Europe was controlled from Berlin, the control being increased as the German forces advanced.

Our U.S.M.G. report shows that once the patterns had been set on armaments, the Deutsche and Dresdner Banks worked out with the military a phony "re-employment" scheme. Confidential letters sent to banks by the directorate of the Reichsbank explained that the so-called "public works" bills which they were financing were really rearmament measures!

If a nation wanted new equipment, France could deliver the latest type of German service rifle five years before the German Army itself was officially outfitted! Every type of Italian machine gun encountered in War II—and some were exceptionally well made and of superior design—was purchasable. During this period liaison between the German manufacturing and commercial interests fronting for the War Office and Italian manu-

lacturers paved the way for the later alliance of the two Powers.

So much for the past. What then of the present? What of the future? Let us turn a moment to the Code List: (1) "ask" indicates manufactured in Czechoslovakia, a country now under Russian influence. Mauser rifles and a newly perfected semi-automatic rifle are now in production there. (2) "bnz" is an Austrian make. The sections not under Russian control are not able to undertake arms manufacture. (3) "ch" is a Belgian make. That country is back in production, but with manufacturing shortages Belgium will not be able to meet the need for security arms abroad for years to come. (4) "guy" was made in Switzerland. Here again shortages of supplies will prevent large scale manufacture, though it will not interfere with experimental and pilot production. The Swiss today have developed a new military rifle which many rate as a better arm than the U. S. Garand, M 1. (5) "jhw" was made in Hungary, now Russian-dominated. Manufacturing facilities are rather small. (6) "jwa" was made in France. This country is not equipped for large scale production of German type or of other modern armament. (7) "kfk" was made in Denmark. This country makes some of the world's finest low cost equipment. Currently Denmark is manufacturing the Ljungman system gas-operated military rifle, principally for Sweden. This is a 1945 design weapon which utilizes the experience gained in arms knowledge during the recent war.

While Denmark can draw on Sweden for steel, coal in quantity is most likely to come from Poland—if Russia wishes to permit it. Sweden itself has facilities for manufacturing German-type arms, and if furnished sufficient fuel may become an even larger factor in world armament, particularly in South America, where she already has extensive contacts. The very fact of her dependence on and proximity to Russia indicates the almost inescapable future of Sweden.

One of the greatest arms-development



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"Third floor; slate, coal gas, rock and muck."

centers in the world is the Swedish Bofors, an organization which during War II drew tremendous profits from *all* combatants, since all nations of any importance were using or manufacturing its designs under license. The Swedish Riksdag investigations of 1935 showed the German Krupp a one-third owner of Bofors. The principal Bofors plant employed 10,000 men during the war, and is equipped for tank and aircraft development as well as arms. Before and during the war Sweden sold largely to Germany. Who can say it won't sell in the future to Russia, or sell to others at her instigation?

(8) "kls," another of our codes indicates manufacture in a Polish plant. Poland is in a position to manufacture Ger-

man type arms for export. If Russia permits or desires it! (9) "kwn" is of interest in that it indicates manufacture in Italy. As a source of machine gun and sub-machinegun manufacture Italy could fill an export place; but it is not equipped to manufacture other essential replacement equipment of German pattern as required abroad. (10) "kye" indicates Roumanian manufacture, a country not important enough to enter the world arms picture. (11) "kfg" is Yugoslavia, a country which has modern equipment for manufacturing German type arms. Yugoslavia is currently being equipped with Russian arms, a fact which can free its facilities for manufacturing export Mausers if Russia so desires.

THE primary lesson of these Codes, then is that only countries under Russian influence or domination are equipped to maintain the security armaments of South American nations *as they are currently armed*. Every place German equipment went in the past, German methods and ideologies were an influence on the police, the military and the commercial establishments.

Today in the interest of Hemisphere Defense we have an opportunity to buy up the foreign equipment with which South America and even Mexico is armed. If we replace it with standard U. S. equipment, the resulting alignment of our police and defense systems will be for the mutual benefit of all who favor the democratic way of life.

For Aiding the Enemy

Tall, gray-haired Douglas Chandler, a 58-year-old former Baltimore newspaper man, was flown back to the USA last June to stand trial for treason to his country. During WW2, using the name of "Paul Revere," Chandler had broadcast over Nazi radio stations to allied soldiers in the European Theater. In July, near the spot where the first Revere began his famous ride, Chandler heard the Boston Federal Court sentence him to imprisonment for life.

This is not the first treason trial that New England has seen, as some reports would have us believe. On a bleak hill-top outside Hartford, Connecticut, on

the morning of March 19, 1777, Moses Dunbar was hanged from a tree for an act of treason. A native of Connecticut, Dunbar remained loyal to George III when George Washington was marshaling his Revolutionary Armies. Because of his pro-English sentiments, Dunbar was imprisoned for a short time in 1776. On release, he made his way to the British encampment of Lord Howe on Long Island, where he enlisted in the service of the King. He was seized after he had induced a number of young Americans to join the British army, and was tried for treason. January, 1777. Two months later he was hanged on the spot where one of the Trinity College buildings now stands in Hartford.

We Americans had better face the facts. The unification or the dissolution of this Hemisphere may be in the making right now!

THE END



oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... HOW CAN A MAN expect to be a business success without *looking* like one? Unruly, lifeless-looking hair . . . and loose dandruff on his coat, too . . . Well, he may be a 'wrong number' now—but wait till I tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



IT'S A GREAT FEELING to know you look well-groomed, and you *can*—with just a few drops a day of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic. It makes a big difference in your hair's appearance. Checks loose dandruff, too. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . is just the thing with massage before every shampoo. It's double care . . . both scalp and hair . . . and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

DIZZY DEAN OF THE DOUGHS

(Continued from page 25)

down and never is called upon to face the odds again. Not so with Spurrier.

The tall, shuffling mountain lad from Bluefield, W. Va., fought like a tiger all the way from St. Lo to the Rhine, and was one of the few Dog Faces I have ever known who actually seemed to enjoy the life. The more fantastic an exploit the greater became his legend with the 35th and the harder he tried to improve on it. When there was a river to cross, Spurrier wanted to lead the first squad, when there was a town to enter, Spurrier was right there whether it was his battalion, regiment or (in one instance) his division.

Spurrier won the DSC for his single-handed capture of a hill at Lay St. Christopher, near Nancy. Riding on the top of a tank he broke through a Kraut MLR and, shooting from the rear with a BAR, mowed down an uncounted number of Germans and then accepted the surrender of 22. Those killed in this exploit have been variously estimated from 20 to 50.

A couple months later, the day he won the Congressional Medal he arrived late to formation because he was in the kitchen eating canned peaches.

The Second Battalion was bivouacked outside the town and attacked on a company front. Spurrier arrived after Company G had pushed off and rear said, "They are going in from the east."

Spurrier walked on down the hill and then swung out around to the west.

There are three schools of thought on how he happened to "hit" the town by himself. One is that he misunderstood rear and thought he said "west." Another is that he got mixed up himself and thought west was east. The third school,

of which I am a member, is that Spurrier, his tummy full of canned peaches that he had swiped from the mess sergeant, was feeling so good he just had to fight somebody. That when he heard it said that the attack was going in from the east side to Achain, he swung around to the west, secretly hoping there were enough Germans in the place to give him a fight.

Company G ran into some opposition and held up. Then from down on the other side of town the captain could hear

Out again. In again

After Achain, Spurrier launched an attack on hometown Bluefield, W. Va., where he went into the auto business and joined the local American Legion post. But things were slow, especially finding a decent place to live for himself and wife Kathleen—so Junior's back in the army now.

In photo, he signs re-enlistment papers at Charlestown, W. Va., as Major Joel Bunch and S/Sgt. Robert Douglas look on. After 22 months in the Pacific infantry (wounded and DSC) and a rough time in Europe—all with the foot army, he is now tech sergeant at Langley Field with the Army Air Forces.

rifle fire, hand grenades and then bazookas. The captain messaged back to find out what the other attack was. Rear sent word down that it must be Spurrier hitting the town all by himself from the wrong side.

The information got back to Colonel Roecker and he issued his now famous order:

"Attack Achain! Company G from the east and Spurrier from the west."

He wasn't kidding either because the cold-eyed, shuffling mountaineer that could shoot the eye out of a possum at

50 yards was already battering his way into Achain.

The 35th Division history records the incident:

"Spurrier shot the first three Nazis with his M-1. Then picking up BARs, Yank and German bazookas and grenades wherever he found them, he systematically began to clean out the town. He crumbled one stronghold with bazooka shells, killed three more Nazis with a BAR, captured a garrison commander, a lieutenant



and 14 men. Another defense point was silenced when he killed its two occupants. Out of ammunition and under fire from four Nazis, Spurrier hurled a Nazi grenade into the house, killing the four Germans.

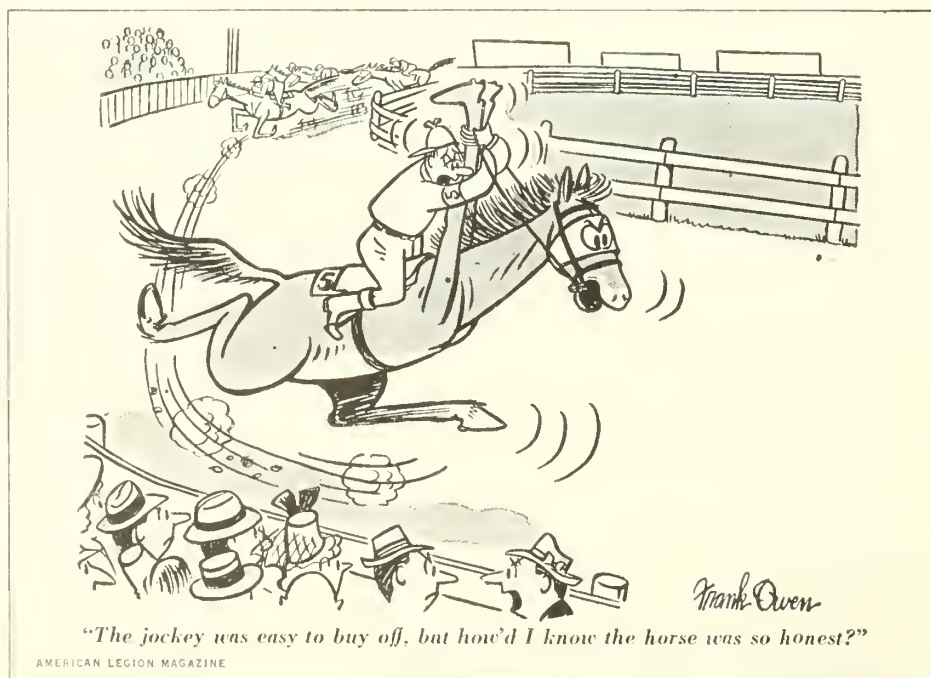
"That night, the one-man army had charge of an outpost. While checking security, he heard four Germans talking in a barn. He set fire to a supply of oil and hay, capturing the four as they ran out. Later he spotted a Kraut crawling toward a sentry, killed him when there was no reply to his challenge."

During this one episode which took place on November 14, 1944, Spurrier was officially credited with killing 25 enemy soldiers and capturing 20 men and one town.

On March 6, 1945, while his division was in the rest area after cleaning out the nasty Wesel pocket in preparation for the Rhine crossing, Spurrier was called to Roecker's CP. Standing at attention in a tiny German village in the heart of the Rhineland, he felt the Congressional Medal of Honor pinned to the shirt front of his doughboy greens by Lieut. Gen. William H. Simpson, commanding general of the United States Ninth Army. This ceremony almost didn't come off.

During the interim from November to March Spurrier had picked up his second Purple Heart while fighting to hammer back the bulge in Belgium. A mortar shell left him unconscious in the snow and for a time it looked as if there'd be no need for a CMH ceremony.

That Spurrier was absolutely fearless cannot be doubted. That he was a kid



and loved horseplay and playing pranks may partially be due to the fact that he was only 22 years old when he jumped off with the spearhead that cracked through St. Lo. He joined the army at 16.

It is true that he liked to create the impression that he was sort of a Dizzy Dean of the Doughboys, but like the Great Diz was good out there on the mound with the horsehide in his hand, so was Spurrier good out there on the battlefield with a weapon in his hand.

The great secret of his success was his knowledge of weapons and their fire power. He had absorbed this knowledge during six years of soldiering. He would be standing facing a house holding a handful of Krauts. He'd canvass the place swiftly, then, say, he'd decide to go in through the door. He'd turn to a companion and calmly say, "Bring me a bazooka." Or maybe he'd decide to lob in a mortar and riddle the windows with a BAR. He knew the capabilities of not only Allied but German weapons. This saved his life in Achain by keeping him in the fight long after his own ammunition was exhausted.

Riding in a jeep with him one day I listened attentively for two hours as he explained the difference between comparable American and German weapons.

Spurrier was a doughboy's doughboy in every sense of the word. A few days after he received his CMH Major Bob White of the 35th brought him down to Maastricht, Holland, where a special press conference

had been arranged at Ninth Army HQ. At the last minute an RAF colonel showed up and got himself on the program. Spurrier was saved for last. Sitting in the back row listening to the Colonel explain with charts and figures and in a very thick British accent how the RAF was winning the war, Spurrier suddenly rose to his feet and announced, "I've had all this ——— I can stand," and walked out.

It took a great deal of explaining to comfort everybody concerned, especially Spurrier.

The last time I saw him, the Ninth Army press camp was located in a Castle across the Rhine just south of Wesel. Hank Wales of the Chicago Tribune and I came home late one night and I saw a light through a crack in the shade over my window. Going up the rickety old castle's stairs, I found Spurrier stretched out on my bed.

He and one of his pals were just returning from an unofficial two-man patrol —to Paris.

We all sat up and listened to his latest conquests and from what I gathered he took Paris just like he took Achain.

La meme chose all around and let's hear about your hero. Spurrier was mine.

THE END



Men who play cards agree . . .



IN POKER—

the odds are against you if you attempt to fill an inside straight.

IN BLACKJACK—

with a hand like this it's safer to stand pat—not draw another card.

BICYCLE is the Cardplayer's Card

In the Service most of the cards you used were famous Bicycle quality. And everywhere today, first choice of men who play cards is Bicycle . . . the long-life cards that are life-long favorites.

HOW TO PLAY CENTER AND LIKE IT

(Continued from page 33)

the game it is worth the attention of up-and-coming linemen and of sideline connoisseurs who study the fine points. As the ball-carrier comes toward him, Chet watches a spot approximately where the back's belt buckle would be. That is a man's center of gravity, and as it goes, so goes the man. With this method Chet anticipates which way the carrier will cut, whereas if he concentrated on the hips, head, or shoulders he might be swivel-hipped and faked right out of the ball park.

Professional football is loaded with former All-Americans, and although Gladchuk was one himself in college that was no guaranty that he would ever be more than an acceptable center in the pro circuit. It takes something extra to be Mr. Center. Greasy Neale, George Halas, Ray Flaherty and Cliff Battles are only a few of the big league coaches who say that a good pro has to love the game more than money, and that a good lineman has to love football more than a back does. Gladchuk's love of the game is true and everlasting.

In his very first play in college, a Boston College-Dartmouth frosh game, Chet kicked off and he was clipped from behind while going downfield to make the tackle. For several days he could hardly bend and had to be taped almost from head to foot. The records disclose, however, that he played the following Friday, and that during four years of college play he never missed a game.

OUT OF COLLEGE he moved up to the Giants in 1941, and he found himself working for an organization where the standards for center were very high—for the Giants had never had to use a bad one. Best of all was Mel Hein, who was on duty when Gladchuk reported. Others, back over the years, had been Joe Alexander, of Syracuse, Joe Westpaul, George Murtagh, of Georgetown, Johnny Del Isola and Lou De Filippo. In 1941 De Filippo and Hein were the regulars and there weren't two better centers in the National League, so the kid from Boston didn't get much of an opportunity to strut his stuff. But he kept pleading with Stout Steve Owen, Giant coach, to let him play.

Says Owen, "So I stuck him in at tackle, a spot he'd never played, and he really took a shellacking. Yet he always came back for more and I knew he had the makings of a great lineman."

But before he got to play center for Owen the war intervened and Chet joined the Navy. When he returned to the Giant squad in 1946—after missing four full seasons—the veterans on the team had forgotten all about the rookie center who

had played an ordinary game at tackle years before.

Chet reported to the training camp at Superior, Wisconsin, annual conditioning site for the Giants, in August of 1946, grimly determined to make up for lost time. He ached for action, craved the regular center berth, and was set on playing himself into condition for the campaign ahead.

"For the first few days," reports Steve Owen, "Gladchuk was just another returned war veteran who, because of the long layoff, had only a slight chance of

at center, where the player's tasks are multiple, for he not only touches off the offensive play by passing the ball back, or handing it, but he always is called upon to carry out a key blocking assignment. No other team in the big leagues has a center who can see where he's going on the blocking assignments, nor one who looks forward to the block with more relish.

Gladchuk picked up the blind pass-back in college, on a tip from Joe McArdle, who was then an assistant coach at Boston College. But it was Chet who spent



TOM
HENDERSON

"Read me a couple of chapters—I expect to be awake for awhile."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

making the grade. And then we started our scrimmages. . ."

Steve shuddered. "Gladchuk almost ruined us before our season even started. He's the most deadly tackler I've ever seen and he hit our backs so hard they didn't want to scrimmage against him."

Steve finally took him aside and said, "Look here, Gladchuk, these are just practice sessions. What's the idea?"

"Just trying to play myself into shape, Coach," answered the big boy from Bridgeport. "Center's my spot—don't want to be in such poor condition you stick me in at tackle again."

"Okay," Owen told him. "You're in great shape, so take it easy or my team won't be."

Chet made the position with ease, and by the end of the season he was anybody's model for pivot man. The fact that he's a rapid behemoth is only part of the picture. He knows more and can do more at the center spot than any coach has a right to ask. A baby of the T generation of ball-players he knows the T formation inside and out, defensively and offensively, and is considered an expert on it. He loves to block and tackle to a degree just short of sadism. That makes him a natural

hours on the practice field perfecting the art, working at it continually until he could sense the time and delivery and it became mechanical.

He will tell you that he developed the technique only after a long battle against under-confidence. In the beginning he would be afraid to pitch the pigskin back there without looking, even when he was certain he had mastered the art.

"I finally got up enough nerve to try it in a game and have been doing it ever since. Any center who has the confidence, and wants to work, can do it. But he must build up that confidence, and he can't start thinking about the terrible mistakes he might make, either."

THE CENTER is the jack-of-all-trades of football, and plays the toughest spot. On the defense he plays the role of backer-up, plugs gaps in the line or nails loose scatbacks in the open field, and at the same time he must be on guard against a pass. Like a back, he must be able to feint and fake enemy blockers who drive through, sometimes in pairs, to mow him down. In the T formation offense, both a tackle and guard will usually be on the prowl for the defensive center, and the

manner in which Gladchuk handles the two of them has earned him special merit. He has a particularly strong pair of hands and uses them effectively, keeping them well in front of him, thus barring the two blockers from obtaining body contact while his own main attention is searching for someone else carrying leather. He is seldom fooled by decoys or formations that develop deceptively, and is usually in at the kill.

Because Chet considers the T formation particularly difficult to play against, with its extensive backfield faking and quick-opening plays, he has made a special study of movies taken of games in which it has been used, and he rose to such expert status as a T diagnostician that he was drafted on a part-time coaching basis at New York University last Fall. Among the theories he taught were special tips for defensive centers.

"You can spot quick-openers," he claims. "but on other T plays keep your eyes on the last back to leave the backfield. Nine times out of ten he winds up with the leather. For instance, on a delayed cross-buck, disregard the men in motion or the ones who move out of there, and watch the fullback. On this T play he is the one waiting in there to get the ball.

"Above all," he warns, "protect the inside territory first. You have more time to get out and stop plays to the outside."

But of all the lessons he has learned the hard way Chet figures the most im-

(Continued on page 46)



From where I sit

by Joe Marsh

A Grand American Tradition

The Martins had a grand old family reunion last week—for the first time since the war.

Big and little Martins came, by car and airplane, from as far west as Nebraska and as far east as Vermont. They crowded Lem and Dee's house, set up quarters in the barns, or stopped with neighbors—and a jollier gathering you couldn't imagine!

I was asked to their final Saturday night supper, when they sang old songs, drank beer and cider, and reminisced about old times together. Dark Martins and blonde ones—Vermont accents and Alabama drawls—all with their differences of taste and politics, yet as close and harmonious in spirit as a group could be.

From where I sit, it's a great American tradition—not just family reunions, but the ability to get along as one congenial, harmonious family, regardless of any differences of taste—whether it's taste for politics or farming, beer or cider.

Joe Marsh



"Marry me, and let me take all this away from you."

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

HOW TO PLAY CENTER

(Continued from page 45)

portant one for the mules up front is this:

"A lineman should think like a lineman, and shouldn't look for the glory that belongs to the backs. There's plenty of satisfaction in line play, so long as you don't start envying the scorers—and there's a lot of grief awaiting the lineman who tries to grab the glory.

"I remember a squad game when I was a Giant rookie. On pass-defense I cut in front of my own back to intercept an aerial, pulled it in and began high-tailing it for the goal line.

"Suddenly I saw a huge pair of arms coming at my head, and it reminded me of running into a clothesline in the dark. Somehow I lateralled the ball to another lineman alongside me and then found myself buried under a pile, my head feeling as though it was rolling along the ground behind me.

"When I picked myself up—the other side had scored! The lineman to whom I lateralled had the ball stolen. If I had let my own back intercept in the first place the touchdown against us would have been averted."

Chet almost scored against the Steelers once, though. He got caught out of posi-

"Ah, well, I'd rather be good center than score a touchdown."

The satisfactions of line-play more than make up for the lack of scoring opportunities. Linemen have their own measures of perfection, and are apt to collect photos from the Sunday papers which reveal in the background examples of holes in the line, good blocks or fine tackles—although the sports editors and the readers can see little more in the pictures than backs running for pay dirt. Gladchuk loves to make a good, solid tackle such as he has made so many times on Bill Osmanski, his old Holy Cross opponent who continued on the rivalry as a Chicago Bear. A prize picture in his collection is the one at the beginning of this article, which was taken while Gladchuk was turning in an outstanding performance last Fall against the Bears and his old pal, Osmanski.

He nailed Osmanski so often that day that one of the officials handling the game, Tom Dowd, a Holy Cross star himself who has refereed in New England college circles, walked up to the pair of them and said, "It looks like you two are re-playing one of those old Boston-Holy Cross games."

Next to tackling, Chet likes throwing blocks best. The best he ever recalls throwing came against the Los Angeles

Everybody's Car

Parking his Army jeep by a parking meter, a soldier got out and started to walk down the street, when a policeman called after him.

"Hey, fellow, better drop a nickel in that parking meter," the officer said.

"Put it in yourself," the soldier yelled back. "The jeep belongs to you as much as it does to me."—By Harold Heljer.

The man was Tommy Harmon. As I picked myself off Tommy, I saw our end, Jim Poole, throw another key block, and Reagan went all the way to score."

To the two linemen that was one for the books, a work of art—like a straight true drive in golf, a game of aces in tennis, a perfect score in bowling, a difficult slam bid and made in bridge. Reagan couldn't have gotten that much out of it.

Of course the linemen like their bit of credit here and there, and don't get enough of it. They really appreciate it from the back who gets the glory on a play like that one, and some of the headlined touch-downers give out with plenty of verbal appreciation of the linemen's path-clearing work. Within Gladchuk's experience Tuffy Leemans, former Giant, was one who did, and so was Charley O'Rourke. Charley, thin and frail, but a wizard with the ball whether carrying it or throwing it, always had a kind word or a pat on the back for one of the linemen. In fact he used to single out one of the mules up front for special "thank-you" speeches four or five times during a game until, as Gladchuk put it, "it became downright embarrassing."

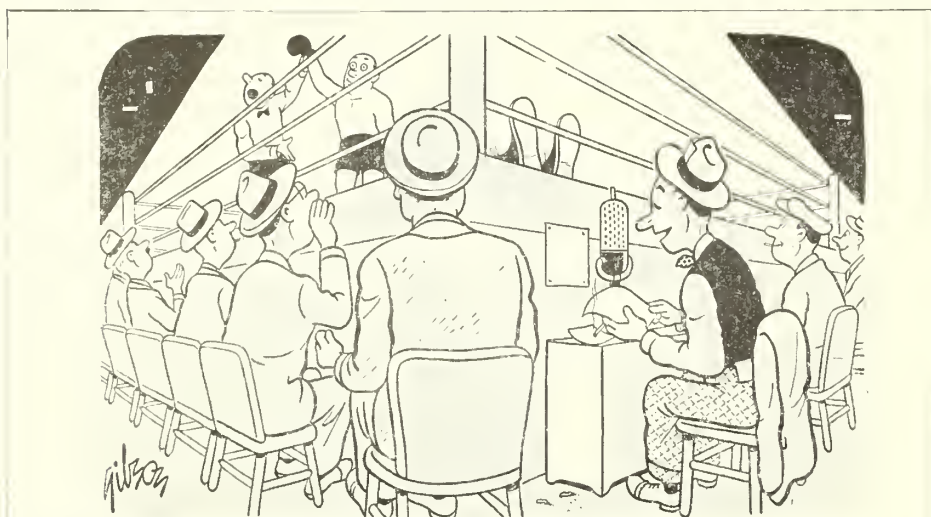
Of course, O'Rourke, being the string-bean he was while playing for Boston College, and still is as a pro for that matter, had reason to be thankful, particularly on pass plays. No back appreciates a lineman's blocking more than a passer. He really can get himself flattened if his line lets in those big, pile-driving tackles.

The folks up Bridgeport, Conn., way aren't at all disappointed that their Gladchuk isn't a flashy ball carrier, however. Perfectly content to watch Chet level the opposition as just about the best center in professional football, they come down to the Polo Grounds, 50 and 60 in a group, to see the Giant games. One, in particular gets a proper peeve on if the Giants lose, and takes it out on Chet.

It's his Dad. But whenever this happens Chet always tells his father, "We're firing the coach. Pop, and I've suggested you for the job."

It may turn out that when Steve Owen hangs up his master-minding cap, somebody will suggest Chet Gladchuk for that coaching job. Meanwhile, the Bridgeport behemoth continues his merry way, whaling the stuffing out of the toughest opposition in football, and loving every moment of it.

THE END



"... we take you now to the stadium where the fight is already in progress."

tion in a fake running play in which the quarterback sneaks into center territory to take a pass. Steve Owen yanked him and scolded him. When the Steelers came to the Polo Grounds for the return game Chet was determined to spot that play if it took all day.

"Along late in the first half I saw it coming. Sure enough, the quarterback sneaked through and I felt like a lion who had a mouse cornered. The ball was thrown and I was right there. I could see six points on the scoreboard and my name in headlines, for there was a wide-open field ahead. Then—I dropped it!

Rams last year in the Polo Grounds when the Giants had to beat the defending champs of the National League or blow their chances for the eastern division title.

Gladchuk started the play by whipping the ball back to halfback Frank Reagan, the former Penn ace. He put a brush block on the Ram guard and headed downfield.

"Out of the corner of my eye I saw Reagan cutting through the hole behind me, so I kept going. The Ram halfback came over to halt the play and I helped him to a mouthful of turf with an in-stride block, the kind that seems as if it were arranged to come off automatically.

REPORT ON WORMS

(Continued from page 5)

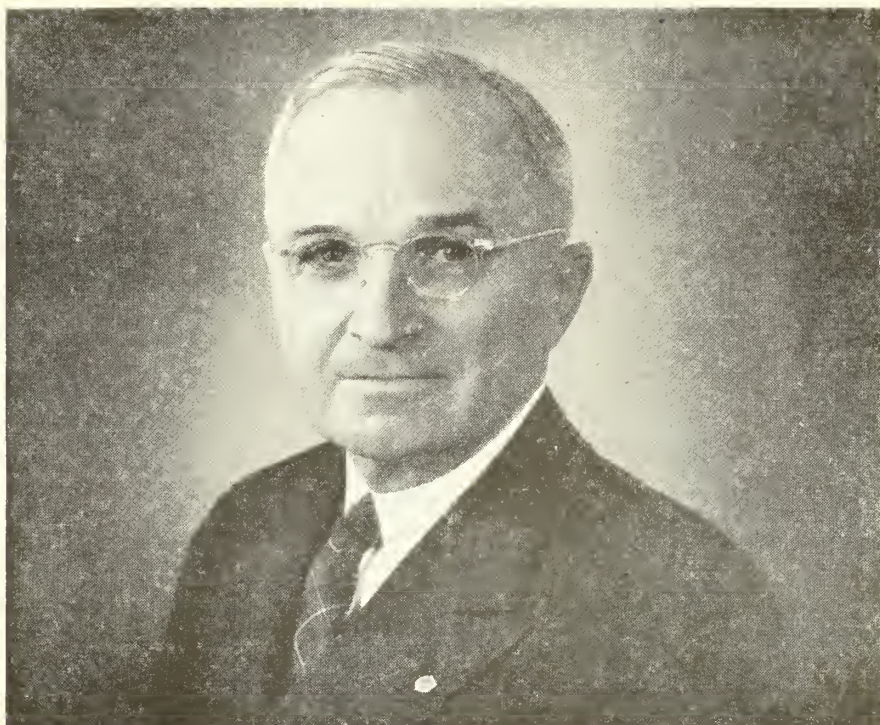
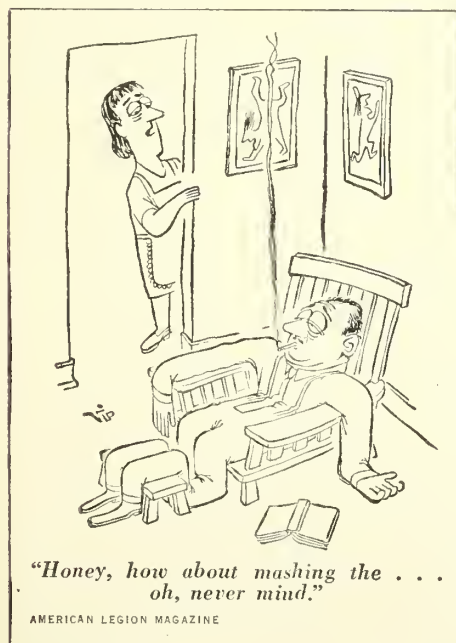
he O'Briens by mimeographing a standard, generally-informative reply, since that seemed the only way. But although they were taken by surprise the O'Briens measured up to the task. After a slow start they quickly devised ways of handling the problem and declined our offer. Frank O'Brien explained to us that many of the letters from Legionnaires asked pointed questions and deserved individual answers, and come hell or high water the O'Briens would do their slow best to answer all the inquiries themselves.

Frank forwarded to us a copy of a book, *Our Friend, The Earthworm*, by George Sheffield Oliver, late proprietor of Worm-farm Number 1. It is an entertaining and instructive volume pointing out the multiple uses of earthworms, the various markets for them, and the methods of raising them. It is what appears to be the standard, if not the only, work on the earthworm as a commercial venture. Sale (one dollar) and distribution of the book has been taken over by the O'Briens.

At this writing things are quieter on the earthworm front. Legionnaires who wrote their names and addresses legibly have their answers from the O'Briens. Frank O'Brien's mother has reported to Mr. Carhart the invention of various gadgets which help disabled veterans to handle some of the work entailed in worm-farming, and there is as yet no fresh report from *Science* or *Time* that the general earthworm population is on the upswing sufficiently to consider the danger-point safely past. So there may still be room in the business for more veterans to fill the gap.

Author Carhart, usually extremely accurate, has expressed his deep regret for the Oliver error and has settled down to answering various letters stimulated by other aspects of his article, telling Legionnaires how and where to get information on building kayaks, starting dude-ranches, building fish ponds on marginal lands, selling and manufacturing artificial bait, etc. *Selling the Great Outdoors* was a stimulating article, and for all its headaches we're glad we published it.

RBP



What the *New* National Guard Means to You . . .

A Message from the President of the United States

WE OWE our existence as a nation to the tradition of service of our citizens. It was an army of citizen soldiers which George Washington led to victory in the American Revolution. At the end of that war, the first Congress asked General Washington to give his views on what the military policy of the new nation should be. This was his answer:

"... every citizen who enjoys the protection of a free government, owes not only a proportion of his property but even of his personal services to the defense of it."

Today the new National Guard gives every man an opportunity to give that personal service to his country and at the same time to advance himself. In National Guard units

all over the country thousands of veterans and other ambitious young men are finding the opportunity to study and learn the things that help them advance in their civilian jobs. They are finding the fellowship that is part and parcel of America. They are participating in a sports and recreation program that keeps them fit. And they are receiving the training that helps keep America strong.

Because of the National Guard's importance to our national defense I have proclaimed September 16th as National Guard Day and have directed that a nationwide recruiting campaign be conducted to fill its ranks.

Harry Truman

Here's how the National Guard Helps You

Pay ★ Education
Fellowship ★ Training
Sports ★ Leadership

Write or visit
your community unit of the

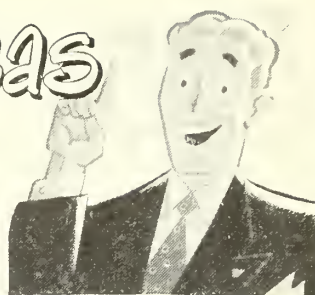
**NATIONAL
GUARD**
of the United States

You'll find the few hours each week that you spend with your local National Guard unit pleasant and profitable. Pay is based on new Army pay scale. Veterans can obtain same rank held upon discharge. And now young men 17 years old may join the National Guard. For complete information about the National Guard in your community, contact officers of that unit or write the Adjutant General of your state.

Help keep the Peace!

Help the National Guard in your town
reach its recruiting goal . . . now!

Vets with Ideas



Singing for Supper

If you had been stuck in Korea, Japan, Okinawa, or the Philippines during 1945, you might remember the powerful singing of The International Male Chorus, eighty-four hearty-voiced GIs who deployed from occupation camp to camp relieving that "browed off" feeling. Organized and led by young Lt. Lewis Bullock (of the Blackhawk Division), these men gave 125 vocal concerts to a quarter of a million troops.

Late last year the chorus was halved and sent stateside for a tour of army hospitals, but this ended abruptly when War Department recreation budgets were slashed. The group was broken up. But Bullock wanted to continue singing and had strong faith in the ability of his songsters. Getting out of uniform, he persuaded two dozen of his husky vocalists to hit the road as a civilian band of able troubadours.



Over the past months, Bullock and his chorus of army, navy, and merchant marine veterans, ranging in age from 18 to 31 and in heritage from Chinese, Australian, Spanish, Filipino and Anglo-Saxon, have performed for pleased audiences in many states. Calling themselves The

American Male Chorus, the bassos, baritone, and tenors match the name by harmonizing on patriotic, religious, folk, and spiritual melodies.

This summer they have toured through eastern seaboard states and presently are preparing a concert junket through the midwest to the Coast. Proceeds from appearances come from private patrons as well as gate receipts.

—Sando Bologna.

Rolling Out the Carpet

Armed with the psychological fact that eighty percent of American business runs on sheer emotion, navy veteran William Murphy and his VIP Service Inc., have put errand-running, hosting and hand-shaking into the big time. Last fiscal year, VIP Service grossed \$250,000.

VIP, of course, are the initials for the term, Very Important Person, a term denoting top brass and government bigwigs during wartime. Leaving USNR as public relations lieutenant where he had contact with many VIPs, 32-year-old Murphy found that civilian businessmen around New York City also tried to treat out-of-town customers like kings. But such entertaining costs a company time and money.

Murphy saw the need for smoother, more foolproof methods of making visiting firemen feel important. Analyzing their expense accounts, he persuaded executives of

Columbia Broadcasting (where he worked prewar) and Westinghouse Corporations that his special service could save them money and still do a better job.

Along with his public relations-wise wife and nine additional WW2 men and girls, Murphy's VIP Service began operations—acting as combined host, valet, escort, guide and friend for designated visitors to the Big Town. First experiments made civilian VIPs happy. New clients signed up and Murphy added to his services.

Notified by one of his clients when an important person is due to arrive, a VIP Service expert will meet the train, have hotel space ready, escort the visitor around town, take him to night clubs, secure hard-to-get tickets, scotch, or anything they want. The company foots the bill and pays Murphy up to \$1000 a month for his service. Used today by many corporations and business houses who want to make friends and influence people, VIP Service, Inc., has started branches in Denver, London, Paris, Washington, and San Francisco. For from ten to \$150 a year, an individual may now also use the service.

Genial host Bill Murphy thinks other smart vets in large U. S. cities could capitalize on his idea of gladhanding VIPs for a fee.

—Earl Welch.

Picking Money Off Trees

Down in the lush bayou country of Louisiana, 28-year-old WW2 veteran Fred Trisler has gone and proved that a rolling stone, if rolled right, does collect moss (folding variety). Last year, Trisler made \$600 selling easy-to-pick *Tillandsia usneoides*, or Spanish moss, that festoons the live oak trees around his native Catahoula Parish. This year will net him more.

On return from service, this deep south gentleman went back to his pre-war occupation of farming and raising hogs. Helping fill the country's food basket is destiny for any man, but Trisler felt his income needed a boost. He heard that the familiar, picturesque tree-moss had been selling for up to five cents a pound; that \$300,000 annually is spent on moss in Louisiana alone. And here he had been nonchalantly walking right under the stuff every day!

From November to April, Trisler harvests the silvery moss off treelimits. He packs the long, stringy crop home and spreads it in the sun to dry, then soaks it in water to rot away the outer husk. His final chore is to put it through a ginning process.

Having many of the qualities of horsehair, the processed moss is much in demand and Trisler sells his ginned fibers, now black in color, for use as filler in mattresses and automobile upholstery.

—Bettye W. Wylie.

Camping Trips in Packages

Blending pleasure and business, former battlegroup sailor Cal Heisler, 20, of Glenwood Falls, Colorado, is improving his bank account by selling 3-day, all-expense camping trips to city dudes who want to rough it in the Rockies.

Heisler reasoned that the average tourist vacationing in the mountains never had a chance to sleep under the stars in a sleeping bag. His new venture, The Starlite Campers of Colorado, Inc., furnishes city escapists with transportation, food, bows and arrows, sleeping bags, tents, fishing licenses and even pans to sift streambeds for gold—all for one set price.

Four other ex-GIs assist Heisler and at present operate four trips a week, taking off from downtown Denver for the rugged peaks and postcard scenery. Traveling in a large war-surplus truck, the campers arrive in Rainbow Lakes area by nightfall. Food is served sizzling hot from a ranch chuck wagon and suppers are followed by a tale-telling, musical powwow around the fragrant wood fire.

During days, the dude campers are on their own—fishing, hiking, camera clicking, canoeing, panning for gold, or just sitting in the sun.

—Dan Valentine.

Clean-up Detail

While mopping up Japs on Okinawa, Lt. Frank Loughney, USMC, dreamed up another kind of attack—to be launched with brooms, soapsuds, and elbow grease on begrimed households in his hometown Philadelphia. Discharged, he corralled sixteen other ex-Marines, armed them with dirt-chasing weapons, and opened for business

under the title of A-to-C (attic-to-cellar) Service. Soon this squad had established firm beachheads on many a Philly doorstep.

Finding professional housecleaning less nervejangling and more lucrative than sweeping out Nips, the eager vets of A-to-C have kept themselves busy the past year washing windows, cleaning



flues, swabbing, scrubbing, and polishing homes all around the City of Brotherly Love. Efficient and fast, they often clean three houses a day at from \$40 to \$300 per house, depending on size. An average housewife would spend 3 weeks on the same job.

The seventeen former gyrenes are split in three teams, one team to a house. If a crew winds up a job before deadline, they win a bonus. But if a crew is slow, or if the gimlet-eyed matron finds the job not to her liking, the team is gigged and penalized. There haven't been many gigs.

Orders for A-to-C Service have piled up four weeks in advance. And as long as Philadelphia ladies rebel from the backbreaking drudgeries of cleaning house, these young ex-warriors will prove that, for some, a man's place is in the home.—C. J. Papara.

THE HOUND CALLED HONEY

(Continued from page 16)

Blue Ticks crossed and whelped eight weeks ago. Lem Smalley told anyone interested. Eight men believed him and bought. Others, like Wittmer Davis, scoffed openly.

"Sorriest dogs I ever saw," Wittmer Davis laughed and hauled two of his own sleek Walker hounds away from the truck where they were attempting to sniff the pups. "Lookit them sorry pups, thin as snakes. What you feed those pups—if anything, Lem?"

Wittmer Davis, whom everybody in the county knew for the best hound dog runner, roared at his own joke and slapped the nearest demin covered back. He hauled on the chain which held a brace of hounds and the Walkers danced and yipped, joining the chorus of laughter.

"Feed 'em cornbread and buttermilk—just like I do my own children," Lem Smalley, who was recognized as being somewhat no-account, defended himself.

"Then those kids must be poorly too," Wittmer Davis laughed again. He ambled away behind the stock barn where Old Man Dandy sold 'shine which made red faces redder and loud voices louder.

What Wittmer Davis said was true. The hounds were poorly. And the remaining pup was the poorest of the litter. Her tiny bones struck sharply against her black and white hide. Her eyes were rheumy in her old, yet babyish face. She drooped dejectedly when she stood up. Now she lay so her ribs showed gaunt, like the skeleton of a beached and abandoned boat. Her tongue lolled out of her mouth. Her coat was smeared with dirt from the truck bed. Bib ached to fetch her water but he knew Lem Smalley would detect his interest in her and thus reason him for a potential customer.

Bib heard the auctioneer chanting pigs. In a little while his father would sell the shoats. Then they would head back for the mountain. Before then he would have

to raise fifty cents. Paw wouldn't give it to him. He didn't dare ask. And there was no way of raising it here by labor. Nor was there on the mountain.

As he was making a last desperate search of a solution the pig sale broke up. Men came out of the bar to stand in the sun and talk. Wittmer Davis and several others walked by Smalley's truck.

"Lem," young Bib heard Wittmer's loud voice say, "haven't you sold those pups yet?"

"Got one left."

Bib edged forward and saw Wittmer peer into the truck.

"Sorriest hound I ever saw. What you askin'?"

Several men came closer, small grins of delight beginning as they anticipated Wittmer's next joke.

"Been gittin' three dollar a head. Sold a couple small ones cheaper," Lem Smalley admitted, blushing and looking at his shoes.

"What you askin' fer this champeen?" Wittmer Davis asked, winking broadly at his friends. Bib worked closer until he was between Lem and Wittmer. He waited breathlessly.

"Wanta go home," Lem Smalley said. "Sell 'er fer a dollar."

"Dollar! You mean U-nited States money?"

Wittmer's voice was loud and shocked. Lem Smalley blushed deeper as the men laughed.

"Well," Lem Smalley said in a softer, more embarrassed voice, "wanta go home. You want that dog?"

Wittmer feigned deep interest. He put a massive hand beneath the hound's body. The pup blinked sleepily. It wobbled on its thin legs and collapsed. Wittmer pretended to examine it carefully.

"Well," he said so his audience could hear, "I dunno."

"Tell you what," Lem said suddenly. "I wanta go home. Take that bitch for seventy-five cent."

Wittmer Davis threw back his head and



"Well, how do you like me with the wind and the rain in my hair?"

YOUR OWN AAF PICTORIAL

AAF Pictorials each contain over 250 pictures of air combat—bombers—fighters—flak—and other scenes about the particular air force they cover.

"The 5th over the Southwest Pacific"—From the early days in the Philippines to VJ Day. Over 250 photographs—Weiwak—The Carolines—The Coral Sea—Farmasa—Hallandia—Okinawa—Japan—and many other spots. Contains Official War Department History.

"The 9th sees France and England"—Your stay in the ETO. London—Colchester—Cambridge—Paris—France. Contains Official War Dept. History.

"The 12th over the Mediterranean"—North Africa—Italy—France—Greece—Yugoslavia. Contains Official War Department History.

"The 20th over Japan"—From India to the last bomb—China—The Marianas—Japan—THE ATOMIC BOMB. Contains Official War Department History.

"The 15th over Italy"—Your stay in Italy and the Middle East. Rome—Naples—Capri—Cerignola—Cassino—Coiro—Palestine. Contains Official War Department History.

All AAF Pictorials are \$3 each postpaid. Send check, money order, or COD. Specify books desired by title name. Let us know what other Air Force books you would like published.

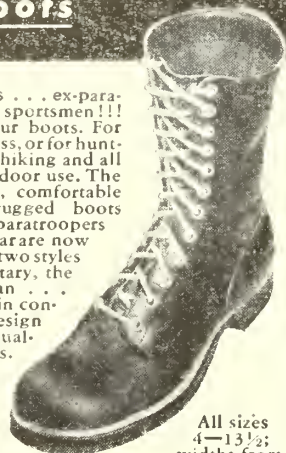
Life-time plastic glass ash trays with crest of above air force. 3 for \$1.00 postpaid.

AAF PUBLICATION COMPANY

6015-37 West 3rd St. Hollywood 36, California

HERE ARE THE ORIGINAL Paratroop Boots

Paratroopers . . . ex-paratroopers . . . sportsmen!!! Here are your boots. For duty, for dress, or for hunting, fishing, hiking and all kinds of outdoor use. The famous soft, comfortable and very rugged boots worn by paratroopers during the war are now available in two styles . . . one military, the other, civilian . . . both similar in construction, design and high quality standards.



All sizes
4—13½;
widths from
AA—EEE.

Not Government Surplus Stock

Paratroop Jump Boots

The same boots worn by Paratroopers during war. Comes in tan elk finish.

Paratroop Hunting Boots

Same features as Paratroop Jump Boots, only made in heavy-oiled waterproof elk finish.

CORCORAN INC., STOUGHTON, MASS.

Send pair of Paratroop Jump Boots _____
Hunting Boots _____

Enclosed find check _____ or money order _____
for \$9.87. I will pay postage C.O.D.

Name _____
Address _____

Regular shoe size and width _____ AL 10

Now she's on the trail, he would say excitedly to himself. There she goes across the ridge. Honey would sing sweetly as she trailed, her bugle voice lifting as she ran the fox. Bib would hear her bark "treed!" and itch to leave his warm bed and join the hunt. But Pa wouldn't stand for that, he knew. In fact, Pa still ignored her. He continued to ignore her until Honey herself brought his attention to her.

Honey came home at dawn, just as Bib and Pa were performing early chores. Bib saw his father stare as he examined the dead fox Honey dropped at his feet.

"Pa," Bib cried. "she brought one home. She's powerful lonesome out there at night, runnin' those foxes. We oughta go with 'er, Pa. Please, Pa, can we?"

Pa grunted noncommittally. But that night after supper he lighted a lantern and strolled toward the door. "Believe we'll see if that old six-bit dog can really run," he told Ma. "Might be she was just lucky. C'mon, Bib."

The boy accepted no second invitation. Honey leaped about their legs as they led her toward the draw where Pa said 'coons and foxes ran at night.

"G'wan," Pa said to Honey when they came to the draw, "G'wan buntin'."

Honey leaped playfully at Bib. They waited. When they sat down on a log she put her head in Bib's lap. Pa looked disgusted.

"You talk to her, Bib," he said. Bib ordered Honey out. But the dog stayed. Bib pushed her toward the brush. Somewhere in the night a fox barked and Bib said, "Now!" But Honey refused the order. She lay at Bib's feet and stared at him with worshipful eyes. He led her to the brush but each time she refused to trail.

"Hummmfff," Pa snorted after an hour's wait. "Just lucky on that fox. Old dog won't hunt nohow."

Bib whispered pleas in her drooping ears.

"C'mon," Pa said finally. "That old

dog's plain worthless."

Honey was sent to the barn in shame. She stayed just long enough for Bib and Pa to go to bed and then went out by herself. Bib heard her singing on the trail. Honey would hunt, he knew, but not for men.

He bore her shame painfully but silently for a month. Pa ignored her completely now . . . until Cal Davis, Wittmer's brother, drove up one evening. Pa and Bib walked out to howdy him.

Cal's eyes roved the yard and he and Pa talked crops for a few minutes. Then Cal said, "Tuck, you got a big ole black an' white crossbreed houn' round here?"

"Boy has," Pa said.

"Where's the dog at now?"

"Reun' somewhere," Pa said. "Why?"

Cal Davis chewed his cud of twist before answering. "Someone seen a big black an' white arunnin' sheep las' night. Found two daid in our pasture this morning."

"Bib," Pa said sternly, "was your ole hound out last night?"

"Yes, sir," Bib admitted.

"Go fetch the dog."

Bib COULD not find her. He whistled and called. Usually Honey responded at once. He climbed the ridge and yelled her name down the cove. Honey did not come in. When he ran toward the draw he saw her and called again. This time Honey came to him. He took her head in his hands. Honey's mouth was rimmed with dry blood.

For a second his heart stopped. Honey was guilty! She was a sheepkiller, the lowest creature on a farm. He knew what would happen. Pa would load his gun and lead the hound out behind the barn.

"I don' care," Bib said, half crying. "I won't let him shoot you."

He strung a length of fishline he carried through Honey's collar and led her to a tiny cave he knew in the draw. There he tied her and walked quickly away, praying she would not howl. Pa was awful mad when he failed to bring the dog in.

"Hope she's run off our place," he said angrily. "Save me a shell. I purely despise a sheepkillin' dog."

Bib sneaked Honey her breakfast next morning and her supper that night. He replaced the fishline with a stout rope. For three days and nights he kept her tied in the cave. On the fourth day his father returned from a neighborhood errand and made an announcement which sent his heart singing.

"Danged hound killed two more lambs last night," Pa growled. "Boys are getting together tonight to run her down with Wittmer Davis' dogs."

Bib's heart leaped wildly. The killer couldn't be Honey! She was still tied.

After supper Pa took his gun from the corner and started out.

"Hope it's me that shoots that old

(Continued on page 52)

Can a Man MY Age Become A Hotel Executive

Even Though He Has No Previous Hotel Experience?

Would you like to step into a well-paid position as Hotel or Club Manager, Purchasing Agent, Social Director, Restaurant or Inn Manager, Assistant Manager? Would you like to be able to look forward happily to the future? The success of Lewis graduates from 18 to 50 PROVES you can—though you never had a minute's experience in hotel work.



Becomes Hotel Manager Although
Without Previous Hotel
Experience

"For years I worked at routine jobs, none of which offered me the promising future I was seeking. One day I answered a Lewis ad, read their book and decided to enroll. Now Manager of this prominent hotel, I'm happy in my work and, thanks to Lewis Training, look forward to even more success," writes Louis M. Mueller.

Step Into a Well-Paid Hotel Position
FREE Book Gives Fascinating Facts

Our FREE Book, "Your Big Opportunity," explains how you can qualify for a well-paid position at home, in leisure time; tells how you are registered FREE of extra cost in the Lewis National Placement Service; shows how you can be a Lewis Certified Employee—certified to "make good" when placed in a position. Mail the coupon NOW!

Course approved for Veterans' Training.

Lewis Hotel Training School Room LT-4724, Washington 7, D. C.	32 SUCCESSFUL YEAR
Send me the Free Book, "Your Big Opportunity," without obligation. I wish to know how to qualify for a well-paid position at home, in my leisure time.	
Name	
Address	
City Zone State	
<input type="checkbox"/> Check here if eligible under G.I. Bill of Rights.	

BACKACHE, LEG PAINS MAY BE DANGER SIGN Of Tired Kidneys

If backache and leg pains are making you miserable, don't just complain and do nothing about them. Nature may be warning you that your kidneys need attention.

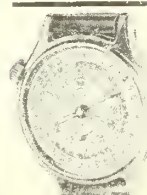
The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. They help most people pass about 3 pints a day.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, a stimulant diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. Doan's give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Now CHEAP OIL BURNER
FOR HEATING AND COOKING STOVES-FURNACES
HEAT YOUR HOME, COOK YOUR MEALS
WITH CHEAP FURNACE OIL

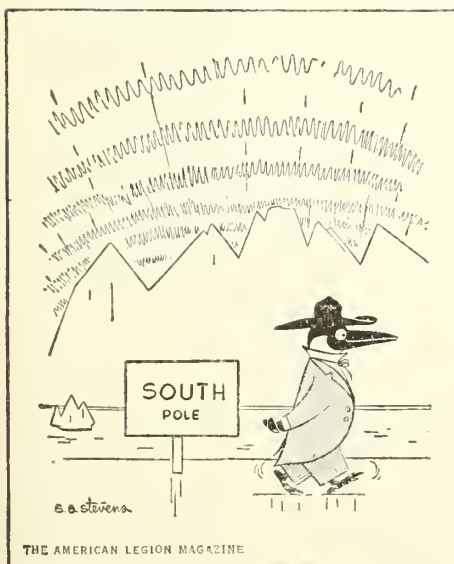
NO MORE SHOVELING
COAL OR ASHES. Sensational
Fuelizer Starter Vaporizing System
turns Cheap No. 1 Furnace
Oil, also Range, Heater, Tractor
Distillate, Kerosene and like oils
into oil heat—one of the quickest,
hottest fires known. LIFETIME GUARAN-
TEE. \$1.00 Bonus Offer for Testing. We
will let you try it in your own stove or fur-
nace for one month. Get yours for intro-
ducing. Big profits QUICK. Be first. Send
in your name today for details and cash in
on the tremendous demand for this Amazing Invention.
NORTHWEST MFG. CO. 611-M, MITCHELL, S. DAK.



Time and Date at a Glance
GUARANTEED
BELL CALENDAR WATCH

No. JM383—Day & date change
automatically. 17 jewels, water-
shock resistant, radium dial-
hands, stainless steel case.
Incl. tax & postage...\$55.00
Mail Orders—FREE Booklet "JM"

BELL WATCH CO., INC.
9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.



THE HOUND CALLED HONEY

(Continued from page 51)

hound," he said. "Never should 'a bought that miserable dog in the first place."

"Pa," Bib asked timidly, "can I go?"

"There's school tomorrow," Ma interrupted, but when she was busy with the dishes he sneaked out of the house and ran to the cave to give Honey food and to make sure she was still there.

Later he heard Wittmer Davis' pack of hounds running on a far ridge. He listened with the knowledge Honey was safe.

It was after midnight when Pa came home. Bib heard him talking with Ma.

"Wasn't any hound killed them sheep," Pa said. "Wittmer's dawgs found a mountain cat's track and chased her clean over the ridge. They cornered that old cat and one of Wittmer's best hounds got after it. That ole cat tore up that dawg so bad it liked to die right then. Had to shoot the dog before we could get at the cat. By then the ole cat got away."

Bib received the news joyously. He fell asleep planning how he would return Honey to her berth in the barn.

"Found ole Honey runnin' near the house when I came from school," he announced at the supper table. "'Spect it's aw'right if I keep her. Pa? Heard at school a mountain cat got them sheep."

Pa kept an affirmative silence and Ma contributed more heavily than usual to Honey's evening meal. Bib was feeding her when they heard the Davis pack howling on the far side of the ridge and working toward the Tucker farm. Honey's ears twitched. She sat up. Bib arose and listened.

The pack was coming closer and fast. Honey danced excitedly around the boy.

Pa came out of the house, sliding into his jacket and working a shell into his gun.

"Those are Wittmer's dawgs," he said. "He's still running after that old eat."

The Davis' dogs crossed the ridge, bay- ing mightily and working toward the draw. Pa broke into a gentle lope. Bib tugged once at Honey's collar and then trotted away from her. Honey yapped excitedly and ran after him. Pa led the way.

Now the pack was howling in pursuit. Their voices came clarion clear through the frosty night. Honey bayed once to tell Bib she understood. Her black and white body gleamed as she ran to join the hunt. The hound passed Pa and disappeared down the trail. Bib caught up with

Pa. They jogged unevenly over a rise. "Old cat's goin' down the draw," he panted.

The hounds were louder in the draw. Suddenly their trail cries broke and changed to short, excited yaps and barks.

"Cornered her, b'god," Pa said. In another minute they saw Wittmer Davis' lantern.

"He's in the cave," Bib yelled. "Old cat's in cave where I had Honey tied!"

Pa stopped short. "What?" he roared. "Cat's in the eave," Bib yelled again before he could think. Then he remembered. Now he'd catch it from Pa.

But Pa didn't do anything then. The Davis pack was crouched around the cave's mouth, sniffing and yelping while they trembled with rage. Inside the mountain cat spit back at them.

"Can't shoot inside because I can't see her," Wittmer Davis yelled. "And I can't get no dog o' mine inside there to fight it."

Bib and Pa peered in. Honey leaped excitedly forward. The cave was home to her. Inside was a stranger whose scent was infuriating. She shouldered through the Davis pack and joined the chorus of frantic barking. Bib realized the Davis dogs were chained and that Wittmer held

crouched in the yellow light of the lantern, sneaking forward and no longer yelping. Only a low, intent growl came from her throat. The pack, backing her up, tugged on their chains and drew Wittmer Davis forward. Bib and Pa crept closer with him and the light grew stronger on the cave. Suddenly Bib saw the red and yellow gleaming eyes of the wild cat as it crouched spitting in the shallow eave.

Honey saw them too. She stalked forward, her hackles raised in battle. Then she flattened, gathered her legs beneath her and sprang. She sailed low and clean through the air. The pack screamed in unison and bounded forward. Wittmer Davis was pulled off his feet. The lantern flew out of his hand and went out. The night was black around them and the air was filled with the yells of the pack, the screaming of the cornered cat and the fierce growls of the attacking Honey.

"Light the light," Pa yelled.

"Honey! Honey, hyar!" Bib screamed.

"Get your dog out of there before the cat kills her," Wittmer yelled.

The noise and confusion of dogs, men and boy rose to a frenzied pitch. In another minute Pa got a match lighted and touched it to the lantern. By then it was almost all over.

The lantern glared against the rocks. The pack's yelping took on a new note. Honey was shaking the cat, her long white teeth sunk into the beast's throat and her own body covered with fresh blood from a dozen deep rakes the cat had inflicted on her sides.

"The hound's done grabbed it. Shoot!" yelled Wittmer. Pa jockeyed into position and raised his gun. He sighted and then slowly lowered it as Henry dragged the wildcat into the open. The pack

dashed in, pulling Wittmer with them.

But they were too late. Honey stood growling triumphantly over the dead cat. The pack moved slowly and respectfully back.

"Gawd a'mighty," Wittmer said reverently, "what a dog!"

Later—when they carried the cat home to show Ma and Bib was busy washing Honey's scratches—Pa said:

"Bib, when you get the hound cleaned up you better not let her sleep in the barn. Too cold out there on a night like this for a good dawg."

"Yes, sir," Bib said and looked at his own cot while Honey banged the floor with her tail.

THE END



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

the chains in both hands.

"You'd better chain up that old hound of yours," Wittmer hollered.

"C'mere, houn'," Pa ordered, and reached for Honey. The big rangy black and white skittered away, yapping furiously and crouching.

"Shueks," Bib said loudly over the din, "Honey isn't afraid. How big's that cat?"

"Big enough to kill sheep and one o' my best dogs," Wittmer said. "You better call in your dog, boy!"

"Hyar, Honey," Bib called, heeding Wittmer's advice. After all, wasn't Wittmer Davis the best hound runner in the county?

But Honey ignored the boy. She



DEPENDABLE GUIDE TO GRACIOUS LIVING...

Seagram's Seven Crown... Seagram's Finest American Whiskey

Say Seagram's and be Sure... of Pre-War Quality

BLENDED WHISKEY SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORPORATION, CHRYSLER BUILDING, NEW YORK

THOSE WHO KNOW

— order
nationally known
brands like
Barbarossa . . .
acclaimed by
impartial experts
America's No. 1
premium
quality beer

A Welcome Label on any Table



BARBAROSSA

The Premium BEER



Man Hunt

A radio direction-finding crew on Saipan whose job it was to locate lost aircraft and bring them home had earned a considerable reputation for their unerring skill.

One night, a short time after they had received a high command citation for their work, they had an "alert" telephone call. Upon answering, the crew sergeant discovered a female voice on the other end belonging to a flight nurse at the station hospital. One of her patients had wandered away and she thought perhaps the crew could locate him for her.

The gag-suspicious sergeant carefully explained that their business was locating lost aircraft, not hospital patients. Now, if the patient happened to be equipped with a radio transmitter whereby they could shoot a bearing, the sergeant continued, the crew would be more than happy to help out.

However, the nurse pleaded tearfully that their plane was leaving soon and she just had to have that patient on board. There was no one else for her to turn to, she claimed. Finally, the sergeant gave in and said that he would send two of his crew out with a good description of the errant patient, but that he doubted very much that they could locate a lost airplane passenger as easily as they did lost airplanes.

Ten minutes later the two crew members triumphantly landed the patient in the nurse's waiting arms after having spotted him in the PX beer line!

—By Marshall K. McClelland

YANQUI SCHOOL FOR MANNERS

(Continued from page 27)

learn—informally, of course, and through a kind of unwritten code—is the secret of holding their liquor. That's not nearly as mysterious as it sounds. It consists merely of drinking very moderately or not at all. Latin Americans who have watched Americans carried out of bars on stretchers will be relieved to know this problem is getting some expert attention.

The Latin American has a horror of making a fool of himself in public. The North American, on the other hand, doesn't mind quite so much. In fact, at social gatherings it's commonly an accepted way of having a good time. Next morning we laugh off incidents that could provoke a dueling challenge in Latin countries.

LATIN AMERICANS like the spontaneity and impulsive generosity of the "Yanqui." But only up to a point. They don't like to be slapped on the back and called by intimate nicknames on first acquaintance. Invited to dinner at a restaurant, they are not amused when their American friend thrusts the check at the waiter with a wad of U. S. currency and demands: "Here's some real money. Figure it out for yourself. This funny money is too much for me." Almost as irritating is the American habit of examining the food suspiciously and asking the waiter if it is "clean."

Good intentions don't mitigate an offense to a people's sensibilities. In Buenos Aires, two American officers who had spent the night "on the town" felt like showing their appreciation of a good time. In the bustle of early morning traffic, they stopped a baker leading his burro to market with two enormous baskets of bread. Buying the entire supply with American dollars, they threw the loaves out to the crowd. A faculty member of the Institute remembers the comment of a housewife on her way to market:

"We had to pick it up," she said, "out of respect for the bread."

At the Institute of Foreign Trade, faculty members who have spent most of their lives in Latin America believe a deep sense of personal insecurity accounts for much of the bad manners of Americans abroad. A business man soon discovers he isn't merely representing his firm. People seem to regard him as the United States in person. Feeling self-conscious and conspicuous, unable to penetrate the language barrier and thus suspicious of what is being said, he tends to consider the people around him queer, menacing, or downright silly—and acts accordingly. That's why the Institute puts so much stress on students' ability to enter into the life of a foreign country—and feel at home outside the office, where most business is done anyhow.

None of these lessons apply to men alone. At the Institute, some 60-odd wives, who have set up housekeeping on the campus, attend classes with their husbands. In addition, they take special courses on problems of making a home in Latin America. According to personnel managers responsible for large foreign staffs, this is just what the doctor ordered.

Sudden leisure and comparative affluence are the greatest challenges to the American wife in Latin America. At home, she's lucky if she can find even part-time help at a price she can afford to pay. Abroad, she may find herself the mistress of a large establishment with four or five servants. All too often, it turns her head. Feeling herself transported to a "ruling class," she forgets her democratic traditions, talks glibly of "keeping the servants in their places," attributes their poverty to racial inferiority or innate laziness.

At the Institute, student wives are advised to find something better than bridge and gossip as weapons against boredom—notably a partnership in their husbands' careers. The year they spend together on the campus provides a pretty good shake-down test of war marriages. In two or three instances, the Institute's realistic picture of making good in Latin America has proved too much and couples have wisely given up the idea of bucking all the new problems they'd encounter on an actual assignment.

The idea for the Institute of Foreign Trade came from a random remark at a dinner party in Phoenix a few days after V-J Day. Colonel Peter Finley Dunne, son of the famous political wisecracker "Mr. Dooley," listened as a woman guest just back from South America spoke of the boiling wake of resentment our business representatives had traditionally left behind them. With the war over and foreign trade reviving, she feared we'd repeat the same old blunders. Why, she wisecracked, couldn't American industry mass produce

good manners for South American export?

Joking aside, Dunne asked himself, why not? As personnel officer attached to General Burton K. Yount's AAF Training Command, Dunne had seen mass production of flying skills in some two million young men. The same basic techniques which taught them to fight abroad could teach them to do business. The plant was all there in abandoned training fields already beginning to sprout cactus.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Neighborhood UNO

I think this is a lesson in Americanism. Mom, my wife, got sick. Well, the doctor said your wife needs immediate attention, can you get a nurse? I said sure and went to one of my neighbors, a trained nurse, Dolores, who is Polish. Dolores did all she could for Mom, and was relieved by another nurse Margaret, who is Scotch. After this, Nora, an Irish nurse took over, and, mind you, this was all done for friendship. There was no money asked or received. The next one to help us was an English girl, Kitty, and the doctor, who is Swiss, kept coming every day. Our neighbors helped us in many ways, among them, Naomi, who is Jewish; and the wife of my helper, who is colored, came in to clean the house. All this was done without pay, and Mom is getting well. Do you wonder if I say I am proud to be an American?

—By W. O. Kerry

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

With a fellow staff officer, Colonel Biff Thompson, Dunne worked out plans for the kind of school a veteran would want—one that would do its level best to get students placed in jobs for which it trained them. They talked with the heads of great corporations doing business abroad and got an enthusiastic response. Then they tackled their commanding officer—like them about to retire from active service in the Army. General Yount said he'd like nothing better than to prepare for peace the veterans he had helped prepare for war.

As civilians, the three former officers founded the non-profit American Institute of Foreign Trade. Money to operate the school came from three New York banks with interests in South American trade, plus smaller loans from Phoenix, Arizona, banks. The luxurious, Hollywood-built Thunderbird Field with its wide grassy lawns, its swimming pools, and its hacienda-like barracks was acquired as war surplus—for cost minus 100 per cent discount. A Congressional investigation, demanded by retiring Representative Slaughter of Missouri, served only to give the new school the publicity it needed. To open last fall, the Institute had its pick of several thousand applicants. It looks as if the school had uncovered a vital need in post-war education: practical training in world citizenship.

"After all," says former General Yount, "good will among nations, like good manners, begins at home."

THE END



SPORTS VARIETIES

Series Highlights of Yesteryear



WHAT WILL this month's World Series add to the dramatic episodes of series gone by that still live in American sportslore? Items such as:

THE SECOND, third and fourth games of the 1915 duel between the Red Sox and Phillies all ending with identical 2 to 1 scores, the Sox on top each time.

CHRISTY MATHEWSON emerging as the pitching hero of the 1912 series although he failed to post a victory in three attempts to down the Red Sox. His first effort was an eleven-inning 6-all tie, four Sox tallies coming in on Fletcher's two errors. He dropped a heart-breaking 2 to 1 decision in his second attempt, although it was his fourth post-season game without yielding a base-on-balls. His third try resulted in the loss of another extra-inning fracas, a ten-inning 3 to 2 thriller.

THE INCOMPARABLE Babe Ruth, Sultan of Swat, playing left field, first base and pitching all in a single game of the 1918 series between the Boston Red Sox and Chicago Cubs.

THE BOSTON RED SOX refusing at first to play the Pittsburgh Pirates in the 1903 post-season series because their contracts expired September 30th, prior to the series' opening. They agreed later to play, but only after insisting upon and getting most of the club's series receipt.

THE FOURTH game of the 1911 series between the Athletics and Giants postponed for six consecutive days because of rain while the nation waited.

JACK COOMBS and Chief Bender doing all the pitching for the Athletics in their five-game triumph over the Chicago Cubs in

1910. Bender won the opener, 4 to 1, on October 17. Coombs annexed the second, 9 to 3, the following afternoon, and returned to the mound with but a single day's rest to win the third contest, 12 to 5. Bender suffered the A's only loss, dropping the fourth clash, 3 to 4. Coombs clinched the final, 7 to 2.

BOBO NEWSOM, serious and sad-faced, pitching a masterful 8 to 0 conquest of the Cincinnati Reds in the fifth contest of the 1940 post-season clash in memory of his father, who passed away a few hours after watching his famous son carve out a 7 to 2 triumph in the opening game a few days previously in Cincinnati. And the Reds, without a catcher in the same series because of a succession of injuries, calling on the late Jimmy Wilson, their forty-year-old coach, to again don mask and chest protector. Although he hadn't caught a game in long years, and spent the evenings caring for his aches and pains, he emerged the series hero.



THE LATE Judge Kenesaw Mountain Landis, baseball commissioner, instructing Umpire-in-Chief Brick Owens to continue the fourth game of the 1922 classic between the Yankees and Giants despite a downpour of rain which drenched the crowd from the fourth inning on. Two days before, Umpire Hildebrand called the second contest of the same series "on account of darkness" in broad daylight!

HOWARD EHNIKE, the "forgotten man" who had not even been with the Athletics the last six weeks of the regular campaign, taking the mound in the initial clash between the Athletics and Cubs in 1929 and setting the current world series strikeout record by fanning thirteen astonished Cubs. *By Gordon Atkins.*

WHY HIRE DISABLED VETERANS?

(Continued from page 23)

affects insurance rates. Two of the largest insurance associations in the country, the American Mutual Alliance and the Association of Casualty and Surety Executives have flooded their policy holders with pamphlets and letters explaining why disabled veterans should be hired.

Here are some excerpts from one of the many pamphlets. "Let this be understood—there is no provision in workman's compensation insurance policies or rates that penalizes an employer for hiring handicapped workers. There appears to be much misinformation on this point. For many employers have been known to say they could not or would not hire disabled applicants because their insurance costs would be increased as a result. *Nothing could be further from the truth.*"

It gets more explicit. "The formulae for determining the premium rates makes no consideration of the *kind* of personnel hired. Whether a company is staffed with workers having two legs apiece or one or none—influences the rates *not at all.*"

The insurance companies go on to point out that disabled veterans placed at the proper job are not only superior workmen, but that exhaustive surveys have proved that they are *less* accident prone. Surveys conducted by the insurance companies, the Department of Labor and numerous Safety Education groups have hammered at this over and over again.

Worse than an employer not knowing the stipulations of his insurance policy is the insurance salesman who deliberately lies about insurance rates and disabled workers. There are actual records of unscrupulous salesmen telling an employer that his rates will go up if he hires handicapped men. They say this because they think it is what the employer wants to hear. They want to get "in good" with him. These cases are few, fortunately, but they have happened. When an insurance company is told about such practices it immediately fires the salesman.

Much more deadly to the impaired veteran than the uninformed employer and the unscrupulous salesman is the lack of "second injury" provisions in more than one-third of the States. In States where there are no "second injury" funds the employer actually has a reason for turning down a disabled veteran. It is an unpatriotic reason, but it is still a reason.

Say a veteran has lost one arm in combat, then loses the other in an industrial accident. His employer will be directly responsible under compensation laws for the worker's loss. If total disability has to be paid, his premium rates will go up. But, if the State has a "second injury" provision, the expense of the loss of the other arm and the resulting increased disability is borne by *all* employers through-

out the State by their contributions to the "second injury" fund. The cost to the employer when such expenses are prorated among all concerns carrying insurance is very small. Many States also contribute to "second injury" funds with direct grants and the insurance companies have also made large contributions.

In Illinois, which has had such a law for twenty years, there have been less than one hundred cases. New York State, which has had an excellent "second injury" fund for 29 years, has had but 185 cases. And it is interesting to know that the Canadian government assumes responsibility for all money paid to disabled vets as a result of injuries received on the job.

IN THIS COUNTRY the States which have not, as yet, passed a "second injury" bill are Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Indiana, Louisiana, Mississippi (which has no Workman's Compensation Law whatsoever), Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Hampshire, New Mexico, Texas (scene of the most terrible industrial explosion in years), and Virginia. Lack of such a law keeps disabled veterans idle. Employers in these States have the influence to see that such a law is passed. It will benefit them and their employes and the veteran.

In States such as the above listed, there has sprung up the despicable practice of an employer offering a disabled applicant a job, *providing he will sign a waiver freeing the employer of any responsibility in case the veteran is injured on the job.* Veterans, disabled or not, should never sign such an agreement. This is particularly true of married veterans whose families will suffer unduly in the event that they are injured on the job. An employer who offers such a "deal" should be report-

ed to The American Legion, the VA or the Department of Labor. Unfortunately, he cannot be prosecuted, but he can be made very unhappy by public exposure.

During the war, private industry hired thousands of handicapped workers with amazing results. The records they set, it would seem, should create a favorable reaction in employers when they face a disabled veteran across the desk. The Bureau of Labor Statistics recently published a report based on a wartime survey of severely handicapped workers. The impaired men produced 3.6 percent more for every hour worked than did their normal co-workers on the same job! Late in 1945, checking on absenteeism, an industrial report showed 21 percent absenteeism among non-disabled, only 2 percent among the disabled.

And yet, many of the companies who obtained such fine results from the disabled during the war have now raised their physical standards and barred the disabled vet from a job.

One of the most disheartening things that can happen to a handicapped vet is to be interviewed for a job, accepted, and then rejected after a medical examination. In a great many instances, the examining doctor's reason for turning down a vet has nothing whatsoever to do with the man's ability to do the job for which he was hired.

There is also in many companies a lack of firm directives from the top on their policy in regard to employing the physically handicapped. And both the U.S. Employment Service and the VA have been confronted with a number of employers who attempt to hire disabled veterans at a sub-standard wage. They reason, falsely, that since the disabled are being paid a

IT'S THE **BALL** THAT COUNTS!

air-o-magic
shoes

Talking about football, it's the ball of the foot that lifts 1500 tons in the average man's walking day. If you keep your eye on the "ball", you need AIR-O-MAGIC's 88 features! Especially the patented, hand-moulded innersoles that cannot curl or ridge. You'll enjoy AIR-O-MAGIC's air-cushoning instantly — they need no breaking in. High styling! Moderately priced.

FREE! SPORTS BOOKLET . . .
Interesting statistics on leading teams, players and records.
Write NOW!



PATENTED
HAND-MOULDED
INNERSOLES

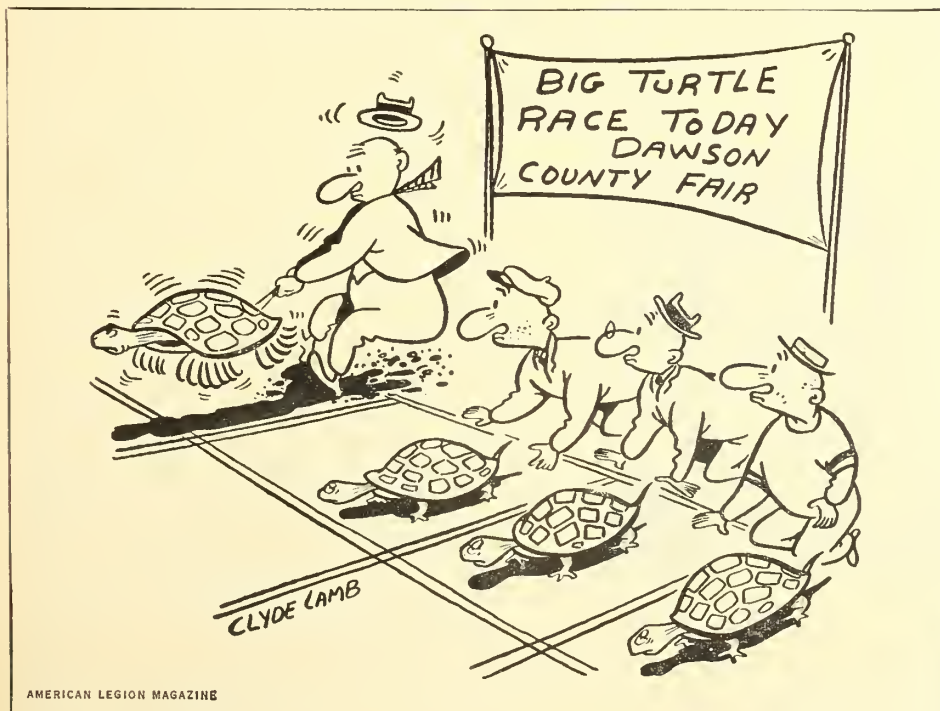
Marion Shoe Division, Daly Bros. Shoe Co., Inc., Dept. K, Marion, Ind.

Legionnaire Retailers

American Legion Magazine
Display Card—FREE

If you sell any of the products advertised in *The American Legion Magazine* (2 columns or more) write us mentioning the name of the product you wish to feature. We will send you—FREE—an attractive counter-card on which to mount the advertisement.

The American Legion Magazine
ONE PARK AVENUE
NEW YORK 16, NEW YORK



certain amount in pension, they can afford to work for less. Could it be that such employers are trying indirectly to pocket the pensions themselves?

"I could place three times the number of men," a Veterans Administration contact man told me, "if we would allow them to work for less than the prevailing wage for able bodied workers. We won't do that."

The few concerns that attempt to, or do, hire disabled veterans at sub-standard wages should be exposed. They never are. It is argued that pointing the finger at them would only create bad feeling and do the veteran more harm than good. If true, which is doubtful, it is a bitter pill to swallow.

Also hiding under a protective covering are a number of companies which engage in the disgusting practice of deliberately hiring disabled veterans as salesmen for the purpose of exploiting their handicaps to gain sympathy with a buyer and thus increase sales. This gutter practice is spiked whenever it is brought to the attention of State Employment Offices, the VA or the Legion.

THIS IS NOT to be construed as meaning that disabled vets should not be hired in the capacity of salesmen. Many of them so employed do an excellent job, with no embarrassment or sympathy involved. The Modell chain store, for example, working with the VA, has entire stores staffed with disabled veteran personnel. The men were specially trained for the job and are more than satisfied with the treatment they have been given by the concern.

Today, the problem is not keeping the handicapped veteran on the job he has, the problem is still getting him one. Once on the job, the reports issued by the Bureau of Labor Statistics prove, the disabled veteran stays there. The employment stability of the disabled veteran is 2½ times

better than that of the non-handicapped worker.

It would seem to be "good business" to hire the disabled veteran. It is. It would seem that the employers, as a whole, would open their doors wide to those injured in the war and now ready to work. They don't. They still have to be told. With each succeeding month the percentage of disabled veterans being hired has dropped. The last nation-wide survey showed that veteran unemployment had increased 60 percent.

It is obvious that we cannot have a campaign for employing the handicapped every month in the year. But what we can have is a more constant and effective flow of information to the employer about the disabled veteran. We can let employers everywhere know where the disabled vet is, what he has done, how he can be hired, why he should be given a job. We can have more films like "No Help Wanted," we can educate on a national scale and do it constantly, not haphazardly, not just one week in a year.

"One industry, the movies, can be extremely effective," Ralph H. Lavers, the director of the Legion's National Employment Committee pointed out. "There is a genuine need for honest films on the problems of the disabled veteran. The picture *The Best Years Of Our Lives*, which included the problem of an amputee, has done a world of good."

Education is one answer. It will not do the job alone. It takes more than a striking pamphlet, a zingy radio talk, an inspirational film to get a disabled veteran a job. You cannot sell a handicapped veteran to an employer in the abstract. It almost always takes a personal contact. It takes trained men, working on a full time basis, ringing the doorbells of the employers and telling them why they should hire Bill Jones, the disabled veteran.

The reasons for this are numerous. Em-

ployees, although it has been publicized a number of times, do not know how to go about hiring a disabled veteran. The disabled man himself is often handicapped in his ability to travel about and seek employment. It is painful and exhausting for a man with one leg to spend six hours a day climbing on and off street cars and buses. There is also the embarrassment of "selling himself," a job many able-bodied

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

JAMES RUFF, a war veteran, stood in line two days at the U.S. Employment Service office in Tacoma, Washington, waiting his turn to file for unemployment compensation. When his turn came, Ruff said, "Say, I think you need more help here." Ruff got a job—with Employment Service. —*By Harold Helfer*

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

men find difficult. It is many times easier for a trained employment man to talk up the good points of a disabled veteran and convince an employer that he should be hired, *and for what specific type of job.*

Vernon Banta, head of the Disabled Veterans Section in the U.S. Employment Service, stressed the above points, stating emphatically, "Almost every firm, with very few exceptions, needs outside stimulation before it will hire a disabled veteran. They will often turn down a handicapped man if he comes to them on his own. Many more competent men are needed all over the country to aid the disabled vet in finding a job."

It also helps the disabled vet to know that there is someone backing him up, interested in him personally, hustling full time to find him work. And not just any kind of employment, but a job that will make use of his highest skill. To illustrate this, Banta told a story. It may seem an unusual story, but in the files of the Veterans Employment Service there are many similar ones.

This one concerns an architect. When the war broke out he was one of the most successful architects in a fairly large city in Florida. He hit the Normandy beach-head on D-Day, stepped on a land mine. It made a mess of his face. He lost the sight of one eye, both of his ears, three fingers on one of his hands. Plastic surgeons gave him ears, did what they could for his face, told him to come back for future treatment.

The man was mentally and physically in a bad way. He disappeared. He took up residence in a fairly decent hotel, but his physical handicap and his bitterness was so great that it affected other guests of the hotel and the management asked him to leave. He went to a cheaper hotel. He began to drink. Another disabled veteran, a man who knew him very slightly, reported him to the Employment Service. An employment man took over. He found a firm that was looking for a supervising architect, a man with ideas. And, *without*

Like father, like son

JOHN LEWIS SMITH, Washington, D. C., after twelve years of continuous membership on the National Finance Committee, The American Legion, has tendered his resignation to give way to a younger man.

An officer in World War I, he was a Legion Founder in 1919, and served successively as Post Commander (George Washington No. 1); Department Commander, District of Columbia; National Executive Committeeman; member of the National Finance Committee, 1935-1947, and on some dozens of Post, Department and National special committee assignments. He was an enlisted man in the Spanish-American War in 1898, and served as Judge Advocate General and Commander-in-Chief of the United Spanish War Veterans. Legionnaire



Smith is succeeded on the National Finance Committee by his son, John Lewis Smith, Jr., a Second World War veteran.

the firm ever seeing the man, just on the basis of his pre-service record, the government employment operator sold the firm on hiring him.

The company took the architect on at a starting salary of \$5000 a year. Within a six months' period, he was given a raise. Two weeks ago, the man went back to the Walter Reed Hospital for a more complete plastic surgery job. He will be back on the job again very soon—and very happy.

"That was a case of letting an employer see a man's mind instead of his body," Banta said. "It also shows what is meant by the term selective placement. That is the way a very high percentage of our disabled veterans are placed, individually, not on a mass basis."

When selective placement is used, the handicapped vet is almost certain to stay on the job. Employment Service and VA men follow up his progress and make sure that the disabled vet is not treated any differently on the job from the able-bodied man. He does not want favors. He wants a chance to prove what he can do.

"One of the major obstacles to overcome in employers is the feeling that the physically handicapped need constant supervision and help on the job," an employment contact man told me. "That is just what they don't want. Because they are uninformed, employers fear that other workers in the shop or factory or office will waste time aiding the disabled veteran who works near them. *It never happens.* It doesn't happen because the well-trained disabled vet can hold his own on any job and because he highly resents being patronized or helped. That is one of the first things we tell employers. And we tell them to pass this information on to their employees."

(Continued on page 60)



THE SKY'S NO LIMIT!

THE ARMY AIR FORCES OFFER TWO GREAT NEW OPPORTUNITIES TO YOUNG MEN INTERESTED IN AVIATION

You probably know several young men in your community who are interested in careers in aviation. If so, you can do them a real service by pointing out the two great new programs now open to them in the Army Air Forces.



The first is the Aviation Career Plan — available to high school graduates between 17 and 34 years of age — which enables young men to select the AAF Specialist School they prefer, qualify for it *before* they enlist, and be assured attendance of it following completion of basic training.

The second is the recently reopened Aviation Cadet training program, for unmarried applicants between 18 and 26½ years of age who have completed at least one-half the requirements for a college degree from an accredited institution, or who can pass a mental examination given by the Army Air Forces. Graduates will be commissioned Second Lieutenants, Army of the United States, and assigned to pilot duty with the AAF. Next class begins October 15.



These two programs give qualified men every chance to build sound careers in a rapidly advancing science. The training they receive in the AAF cannot be duplicated anywhere else at any price. Give these facts to young men you know. By doing so, you can help the Air Forces get the high-caliber men needed in this vital post-war era. Full details are available at any U. S. Army Recruiting Station or AAF Base.

**URGE THE FINEST YOUNG MEN YOU KNOW
TO ENLIST IN THE ARMY AIR FORCES
U. S. ARMY RECRUITING SERVICE**



Credentials

Herman Bernhard Ramcke, one of Hitler's most ruthless paratrooper generals, was in command at Brest when three divisions of American infantry attacked in September, 1944. The German garrison of soldiers, marines and sailors fought viciously inch-by-inch because Ramcke had ordered them to die for Hitler rather than give up the French city, even though it was already a shambles and worthless as a port.

The battle raged for three weeks before Ramcke, himself, was cornered in a bomb shelter. Ordered to surrender, he emerged arrogantly from his dugout flanked by three generals, an admiral and a beautiful Irish setter which he held on a leash. The Nazi commander was clean shaven and spotless. His camouflage jacket and field-green paratroop trousers were neatly pressed and black boots highly polished. Around his neck hung the Knight's Cross.

He stopped momentarily at the dug-out entrance, then led his entourage directly to the jeep where the American general in command of the sector was waiting. The American had no tie. His collar was open, and his combat jacket showed signs of hard use. He was talking with several enlisted men when the German stopped before him, clicked his heels and sputtered, "Are you the general to whom I must surrender?" "Yep," answered the American, casually.

"Where, then, are your credentials?" snapped the German.

The American smiled wryly, pointed to the group of GIs gathered around him, and said, "These are my credentials."

—By Earl Mazo

WHY HIRE DISABLED?

(Continued from page 59)

In talking to the men who are out in the field finding jobs for disabled vets, you hear these three complaints most often. (1) Not enough employers know where to go to hire a disabled vet. (2) Employers have not been briefed properly on how best to place them in their shops and how to treat them, personally. (3) There are not enough employment contact men in the field to reach all employers who might hire handicapped veterans.

What can be done? The answer to the first problem is, simply, more publicity directly given to employers on where they can hire disabled veterans. Most handicapped veterans are registered for employment at the numerous U.S. State Employment offices all over the country. *A disabled veteran not at work who receives, through the VA, any unemployment pay must be registered at his nearest State Employment office.* He wants work, Employer, pick up the phone. Disabled vets seeking work also often go to veterans organizations. An American Legion Post in your town or city can always tell you where you can hire a disabled war veteran.

The second problem, how to place a disabled veteran and how to make certain that he will be an excellent employee can be solved by consulting with an Employment Service man and also by taking the slight trouble of investigating what other employers in the field, who have successfully hired disabled veterans, have done along these lines. *Every single large industry in the country should have a Veterans' Counselor on its personnel staff.*

The last problem, more Employment Service Men needed, is the most important one. It is, unfortunately, the least likely to be solved. Today, the lack of an adequate number of Employment Men is directly responsible for the fact that

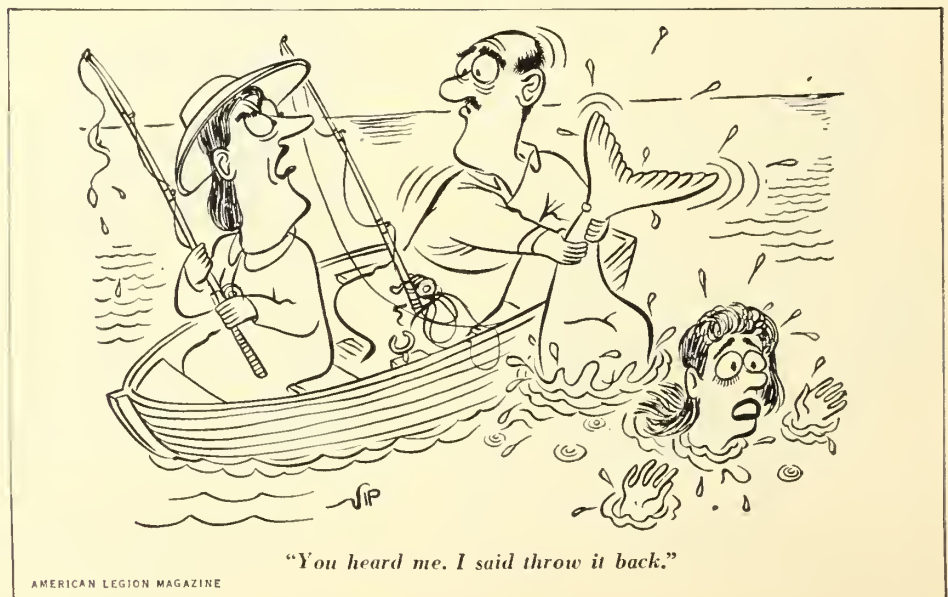
170,000 disabled veterans still have not been able to find work. And the deplorable truth is that with each passing day there are less and less contact men out in the field.

On November 16, 1946, after five years of Federal operation, the United States Employment Service was returned to State operation. In most States, as the figures show, the Employment Service has not operated nearly as efficiently on a state to state basis as it did when it was nationally controlled and operated. This boils down to less jobs for disabled vets.

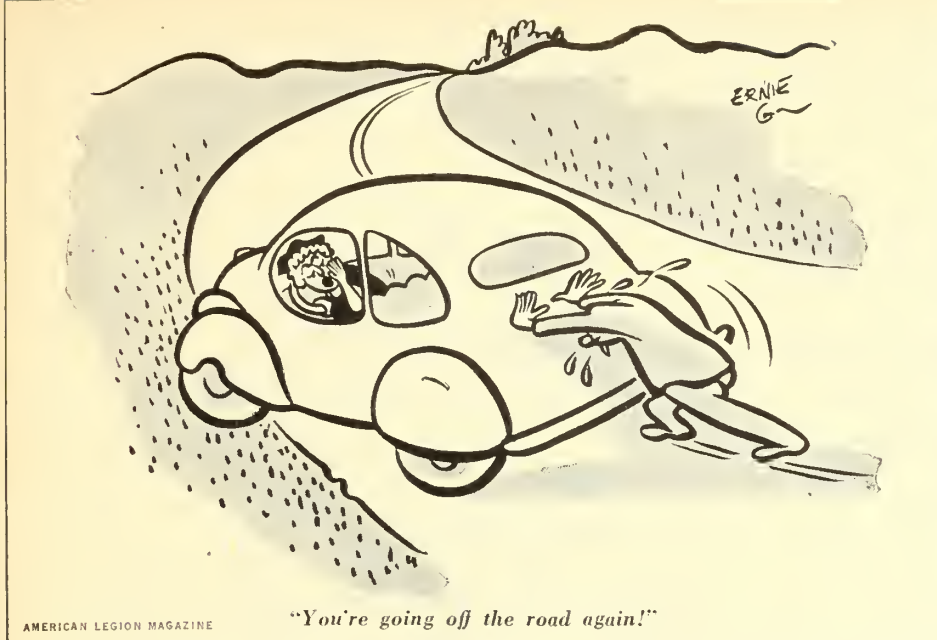
The House Appropriations Committee recently made a 34 percent slash in the budget of the Veterans Employment Service. At the same time, it reduced the budget of the United States Employment Service by approximately 77 percent. The reason given for these drastic reductions was that the employment services were turned back to the States, and large appropriations are not needed to carry on the work of the USES and VES within the Department of Labor.

THE RESULT of this slash was that hundreds of U.S. Employment Service men were dropped, men who were out finding jobs for disabled veterans. It has meant a great reduction in the services given to disabled vets from the standpoint of labor market information in one state to job seekers in other states. It has meant dropping further studies on selective placement methods for the handicapped, recruiting of seasonal labor and specialized personnel, and technical research on placement methods, which help the handicapped vet.

When the slash was made last April, the veteran specialist, Howard Rusk, in a New York Times article summed it up like this: "The 34 percent cut in VES will mean elimination of one-third of the field specialists who work with industry in developing job opportunities for veterans



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

"You're going off the road again!"

... the already gloomy picture of employment prospects for disabled veterans will become considerably darker." Rusk concludes with "Met by bands and ova-tions a little over a year ago, it is a dis-heartening and disillusioning experience to the disabled veteran who wants a chance to work with what he has left. *We forget so soon.*"

On top of this, the personnel of the Veterans Administration has been heavily cut. Many of those who were let go did not affect the job prospects of the disabled veteran. No slashes were made in the funds appropriated for veterans under Public Law 346 and Public Law 16, the one protecting disabled vets. But, on the other hand, many of the men employed by the VA who were out in the field working with Employment Service men and directly with employers in getting jobs for disabled veterans were dismissed. In the first week of August, the budget slash caused a manpower slash. VA employment men were laid off in droves.

Indiscriminate slashing like this is not only foolish; it is downright dangerous. No government employee who is working directly with industry to help place disabled veterans should ever be dismissed. Those who have been dismissed should be put back and, *if we really want to remember the disabled veteran, more men should be hired for this specific type of work.*

We must not forget that there are still 170,000 disabled veterans who have not been able to find work. These are precarious times and the demand for labor, of any kind, is growing smaller. Add to this the fact that there are, today, 210,000 disabled veterans taking job training under Public Law 16. There are over 91,000 handicapped vets in hospitals and daily they are being discharged as fit for employment. The Department of Labor estimates

that there will be nearly 500,000 disabled vets seeking jobs—and in the very near future. For them, it can most certainly become the very black future.

It is an accepted fact that the physically handicapped are the last to be hired and the first to be fired. As jobs become scarcer, employers tend to raise rather than lower the physical specifications in screening job applicants. The disabled veteran is willing to meet any reasonable challenge, but if these things continue to be common practice, he is sickeningly helpless.

Not long ago, a newspaper carried a story about a veteran who went into a State Employment Office seeking work. He had served three years in the Navy as a Water-Tender Second Class. He did not appear to have any physical defects. But after a number of routine questions he very calmly informed the interviewer that he had Hodgkin's disease and the doctors had told him he had a very short time to live.

The benefits received from VA made it unnecessary for this man to work. His disability made it impossible for him to utilize many of his skills. His difficulty in using transportation facilities limited the area in which he could find employment. But he still wanted to work, wanted to be considered a useful member of society for the very short time he still had to live.

You can't tell a man with courage like this that there is no job for him. It is brutal to have to tell it to any disabled veteran, because no group of citizens in our nation so desperately needs a chance to prove that they can again be useful.

The employers, the legislators, the country as a whole have not yet "let him down." But it can happen. It seems to be on the verge of happening.

THE END

For a
Brighter, Longer-Lasting
LOOKING GLASS SHINE
LANOLIZE
YOUR SHOES WITH
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH
* Reg. U.S.
Pat. Off.

CONTAINS
LANOLIN

PRODUCT
OF
KNOWMARK
MFG. CO., INC.

CONTAINS LANOLIN
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH
BROWN STAIN

Fast Relief For Tender, Hot Feet

Eases New or Tight Shoes Almost Like Magic!

Use soothing, refreshing Dr. Scholl's Foot Powder on your troubled feet. You'll marvel how quickly it relieves tender, burning, perspiring or odorous feet... how amazingly effective it is for easing new or tight shoes. Helps prevent Athlete's Foot by keeping the feet dry. Sold everywhere. For FREE sample, write Dr. Scholl's, Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois.

Dr. Scholl's
FOOT POWDER



What Every Mason Wants



We have important Masonic books for Blue Lodge, Chapter, Commandery, Scottish Rite, and Shrine.

Our Rituals Are Used the World Over. Send for free catalog of books and rituals for Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Knights of Columbus, etc.

EZRA A. COOK, Publisher. P.O. Box 796, F.O. Chicago 90, Ill.

ONE-MAN SAWMILL LESS THAN \$200.00

Easy To Turn Trees Into Money
Makes Lumber
fies, shingles,
crates, lath,
studding,
vlog.

BELSAW MODELS
in 10 to 24 foot sawing
lengths. MECHANICAL
FEED, accurate set works and
positive dogs. Use tractor or old auto
engine for low cost power. Thousands need for
commercial sawing. Pays for itself quickly. Send
post card today for FREE booklet, "How To Make
Lumber" and Catalog of Woodworking Equipment.

BELSAW MACHINERY CO., 872A Field Bldg.
315 Westport Road Kansas City 2, Mo.

FREE MEMBERSHIP "STRONG MEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA"

Send for your personal Membership Card today! Enjoy strength secrets! No dues! No obligations! Send name, address and age on penny postcard.

STRONG MEN'S CLUB OF AMERICA
Joe Bonomo, Director Dept. 2010
1841 Broadway, New York 23, N. Y.

LOCKSMITHING & KEY MAKING

COMPLETE UP-TO-DATE COURSE
How to pick locks, decode, make master-keys, re-pair, install, service, etc. 53 easy illustrated self-instruction lessons for every handy man, home-owner, carpenter, mechanic, hardware dealer, maintenance men, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for Success-Catalog Free. Address below.

WATCH AND CLOCK REPAIRING

LEARN at HOME in Your Spare Time
Prepare for a happy future of prosperity and security—and get a good job NOW. A fascinating, thorough self-instruction training in American and Swiss watches, clocks. Special section on alarm clock repairs. Fast-growing field. Success-Catalog Free. NELSON CO.
1139 S. Wabash Av., Dept. 83, Chicago 5, Ill.

Winter in Mexico!

STUDY ARTS, CRAFTS, SPANISH
UNDER G.I. BILL OF RIGHTS
Write for illustrated Folder A.L.
STIRLING DICKINSON
Assoc. Director
1500 Lake Shore Drive Chicago 10, Ill.

(Continued from page 29)

The woodcock is an erratic flier. Sometimes he seems to dodge and shift maliciously. He is a most elusive target as he twists and turns. Only years of woodcock hunting ever enables a sportsman to learn how properly and accurately to hold on a target of this character. It's a trick I've never completely learned.

Each year since he has returned to Pennsylvania for the woodcock season. There are no woodcock in California, as they are mostly residents of the Atlantic seaboard. Last year he killed an even dozen birds in the two weeks of the season. That's less than one a day, but he was happy. He seems to think that the sport he enjoyed was worth the expense involved.

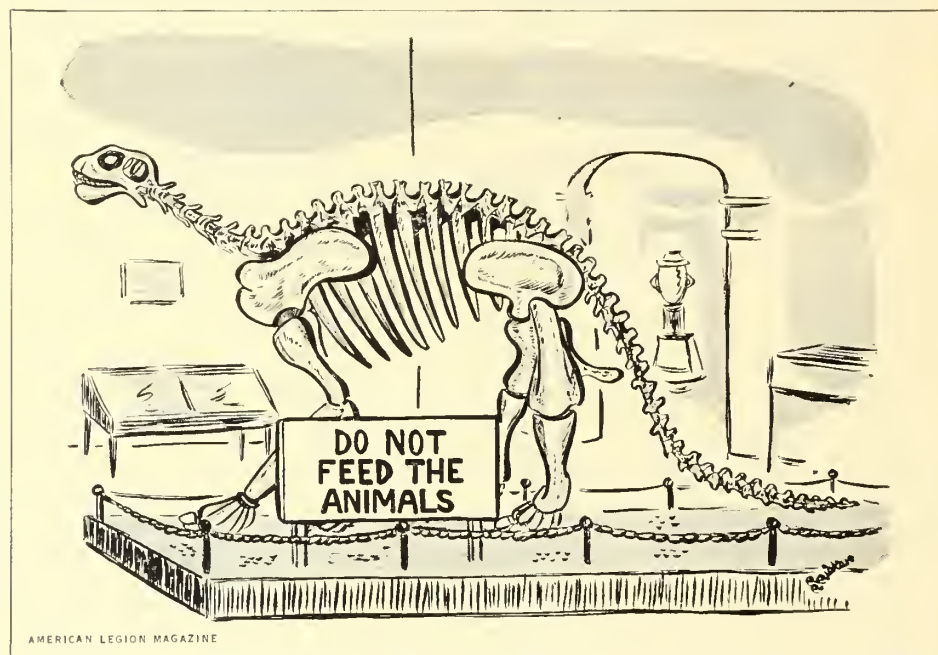
As a matter of fact, there are many elements of mystery about the bird. He has a passion for privacy that is an obsession. He possesses unique and distinctive qualities that endear him to those who have tried to break through the barriers imposed by his purposeful obscurity.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★
Pork Boom

modesty. Unlike most champs, he courts no publicity, dresses modestly. His feathery cloak is a sober, inconspicuous blending of blue-gray, brown, white and tan. His weight is a moderate five to six ounces. Males and females dress alike. Further, the female is the larger of the two, something not true of any other game bird.

ing on a tree or bush. He just doesn't like being visible! His long bill is especially engineered. The upper half is equipped with a flexible hinge, located half way between the tip and the juncture with the skull. He can as a result, open the bill while it is buried in the moist ground—this gives him a non-slip grip on the worm, his favorite food. His eyes are set high on the head to provide him with the widest possible vision on the ground or in the air.

But—and here the Deity was aghast—there was no song left for a bird that obviously deserved that gracious gift. According to the legend, the Deity immediate-



One of the chief charms of the timber-doodle is that strange, haunting melody he creates. An ancient Seneca Indian once told me that when the Great Spirit made the world, the task was completed and there still remained a small heap of surplus material. Being a frugal and tidy Deity, He decided to do something about it.

That whistle, usually heard just as the bird changes direction right at the time when you squeeze the trigger, is caused by the vibration of the three attenuate primaries on the leading edge of each wing—and it's a memorable sound, a delicate tracery of heavenly music out of the sky.

Invariably, especially when the shooting is good, I remember the lesson given me one morning on a Pennsylvania side hill, long, long ago, by a slender old man, with wind-reddened face and twinkling eyes, a sportsman with the gentle soul of a great gentleman.

It's still sound advice.

REMEMBER THIS NAME . . .



THE NEW
BIG NAME IN BEER

"For top quality and flavor, give me
BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER every
time," says Sammy Kaye, famous
orchestra leader.



Yes, remember the name BREWERS' BEST whenever you want a great glass of beer. For everything about BREWERS' BEST spells quality . . . it's light, it's clean-tasting, and it's truly distinguished for its appetizing flavor and delicate bouquet.

BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER marks the greatest advance in the brewing industry for over a century. It is brewed and bottled by a country-wide group of carefully selected prominent brewers whose combined experience and resources have produced this superior premium beer.

Remember the name — BREWERS' BEST PREMIUM BEER. And get set to enjoy the most distinctive beer you ever tasted . . . BREWERS' BEST, the beer you've been waiting for!

BREWERS' BEST *Premium* BEER

BREWERS' BEST ASSOCIATES, INC., 620 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK

© 1947
Brewers' Best
Associates, Inc.





IT LIVES WITH
GOOD TASTE...
EVERYWHERE

Budweiser

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ANHEUSER-BUSCH . . . SAINT LOUIS



(Continued from page 35)

Joan Bennett Fired

A Picture for Veterans

The plot concerns the murder of a Jewish veteran merely because he is a Jew and is told in staccato terms which call a spade a spade. The ex-servicemen who worked on the picture, and there were many in the technical crew, felt strongly about the subject matter because they remembered clearly their close ties with other men in the service, regardless of race or religion.

This month it is De Forest Kelley—the hero in Paramount's 36-star *Variety Girl* who is probably the only young war veteran to land a screen contract entirely through his performance in a Navy training film. Oddly enough, he was in the Army, and was on loan to the Navy for the film.

Born in Atlanta, Ga., in 1920, the son of a retired Baptist minister, De Forest's boyhood was uneventful. Upon graduation from high school he went to Long Beach, California, for a month's visit with an

Greta Garbo is going to Paris to do a French version of "Sapho" . . . Ronald Reagan and Jane Wyman, his wife, gave \$75,000 to Eureka College, Eureka, Ill., his alma mater as one-half the cost of a school of speech and dramatic arts which will bear the Reagan name . . . Joan Crawford, who had adopted two babies, Christina and Christopher, now 3 and 4 years old respectively, has just adopted two more from an Eastern institution—Cynthia, 3 months, and Cathy, 2 months . . . Mexicans want Mexicans used in



Roland Winters, 43-year-old Boston-born actor, takes the place of Sidney Toler, who died last February, as the new Charlie Chan. He's the *third man* in this role, the first having been the late Warner Oland . . . Al Jolson's take from *The Jolson Story*, in which he sang, is ex-

Eric Johnston, film czar, says the Federal Government has no more right to continue the 20 percent tax on theatre admissions than it would have to tax newspapers and radio. He contends movies are a form of communication and should be treated as such . . . A group of Hollywoodites are in Paris (of all places!) working on a new version of *Alice in*

Wonderland which will employ a live Alice but use puppets in the animal roles . . . The big set built in 1925 for Lon Chaney's *The Phantom of the Opera* and since then used in some seventy-five movies, has been remodeled for the Ronald Colman starrer, *Imagination*. John Drew Colt, son of Ethel Barrymore and nephew of Lionel, will make his screen debut in this film, thus carrying on the Barrymore tradition of "they all become actors and actresses."

Rip Van Winkle and *Tom Thumb* are set as full-length color cartoons at United Artists. George Pal, creator and producer of the "Puppetoon" series at Paramount, will produce. Up to this time the full-length cartoon field has been Walt Disney's with one release a year . . . Russ Columbo was accidentally shot to death thirteen years ago. The mother of the crooner, being ill, was never told. For thirteen years she has received letters and checks which she thought were from Russ. The family had furnished the letters. The checks were from Russ' insurance. Two years ago, still thinking her son a European success, she died at the age of 79. Just now her will has been filed for probate. It shows a share left for Russ.

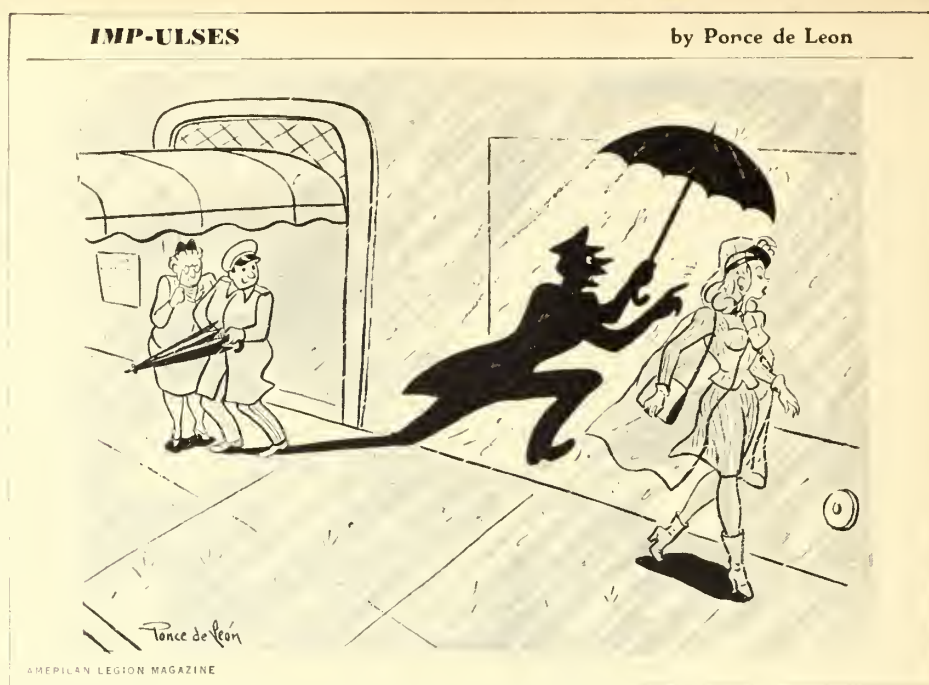
More About Tap Roots

Last month we listed James Street's "Tap Roots," in production at Universal-International, as a picture certainly to be looked forward to. I had already read this book, along with the other two of Street's trilogy—*Oh Promised Land* and *By Valour and Arms*—and knew that Producer Walter Wanger and Director George Marshall would make the most of it. Over on the lot this was proved to me when Marshall pointed out that the picture combines one of the most unusual casts in filmdom. In addition to the stars,

Adolphe Menjou and Clarke Gable show how "hucksters" worry. Mr. Menjou becomes a regular contributor to this magazine starting next month



Van Heflin and Susan Hayward, there will be Boris Karloff as "Tishomingo," the Indian; Ward Bond as Hoab Dabney, father of Susan; Whitfield Conner, the young Broadway actor who was Horatio in Maurice Evans' *Hamlet* and who played opposite Elisabeth Bergner in *The Duchess of Malfi*, in which he made his screen debut; Julie London and Richard Long. And for the sake of authenticity, Mr.



Marshall took the cast to North Carolina for most of the filming.

Conner, incidentally, spent four years in the Coast Guard, which was my branch of the service. And Author Street and I used to work together in New York before the war, and I know the sincerity of his writings.

Thanks To Memories

Lou Costello, Jr., was just a little baby. Under a year old. He died in October of 1943. But he was the son of the radio and screen comedian, who of course adored him.

To his memory, Bud Abbott and Lou Costello, Sr., established the Lou Costello, Jr., Youth Foundation on Los Angeles' East Olympic Boulevard, and opened it in

May. I went out the other day to have a look. I was amazed! There was literally thousands of boys and girls crowded inside and outside. Traffic was tied up as the children overflowed into the street. Something had to be done and, since my visit, I am told, admission is now restricted to 3000 members. To be a member, one must be between 6 and 19 years old and live in a given

area bounding the foundation.

The idea of the founders was to honor the memory of a boy by providing other boys and girls a place to call their own. Outside there are ball courts, swings, slides and a big swimming pool. Inside there is a gymnasium, with facilities for about every kind of game a child could imagine. I was impressed with the orderly supervision of the children, the real en-

joyment on their faces, and the admiration they have for Lou and Bud, who spend so much time there.

"How do you like it?" I asked a 14-year-old.

"It's swell!" he beamed. "I come every night but Monday and it's closed on Monday. Most of the kids come regularly."

"What did you do before the foundation was here?" I asked.

"Oh, we played in the streets and had our gang," he replied.

That the memory of two fun-making adults for the son of one was taking the boys and girls out of the streets and out of the gangs seems to me the perfect memorial.

Peering Into The Future

Walter Pidgeon, idle for a year, has the lead in *Non Frat* at M-G-M, the story of non-fraternization in occupied countries. However, before *Non Frat* appears, you'll be seeing Walter in *Luxury Liner* with Jane Powell, as well as a picture with Greer Garson which is yet unnamed and *If Winter Comes*, which has just been finished.

Maureen O'Hara is set to do *The Quiet Man* in Eire next year, with John Ford directing. She also goes to England to do *Foxes of Harrow*.

Joseph Cotten and Loretta Young will star in *The Harder They Fall*, which R-K-O bought from Budd Schulberg for \$200,000. Joe plays the role of a crooked press agent, Schulberg, incidentally, has written for The American Legion Magazine, but not for \$200,000.

Another story which is at least a year off is *The Great Snow*, Henry Morton Robinson's story of eight people successfully fighting the worst disaster in New York history but unable to defend themselves

against their own twisted complexities. Nunnally Johnson will produce for Universal-International.

The Long Grey Line, the story of West Point, starring Alan Ladd, is being filmed in sections. The first section was shot at the Military Academy during June week when the activities were at their peak. It's by Paramount.

Pictures To Look Forward To

First on the list is *Unconquered*, covered elsewhere in this report.

Sleep, My Love, the first Mary Pickford production in ten years, with Miss Pickford doing some of the directing, will present Claudette Colbert, Robert Cummings and Don Ameche.

R-K-O comes in for two recommendations: *Memory of Love* with Dana Andrews, Merle Oberon, Ethel Barrymore, Hoagy Carmichael, Arthur Rubinstein and Walter Reed; and *Mourning Becomes Electra* with Rosalind Russell and Raymond Massey.

Over at Warner Brothers it's *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, with Humphrey Bogart, Walter Huston, Bruce Bennett and Tim Holt.

Cass Timberlane, Sinclair Lewis's story of an Iowa judge and his marital troubles, is the M-G-M selection. Spencer Tracy, Lana Turner, Mary Astor, Caremon Mitchell and Albert Dekker are the top players.

We Lazy Authors

Hollywood authors are lazy. That's the opinion of Leon Gutterman, head of an outfit that records synopses on platters, and, he says, if they don't start applying the seat of the pants to the desk chair and the fingers to their typewriters, the Peoria and Fort Worth and Great Neck authors are going to take the movie plums right out from under their noses. He points up his

remarks with a few examples of phenomenal prices paid writers who have sold few, if any, of their works to the screen before. And most of them, of course, are from some place other than Hollywood.

"Richard Sherman, an ex-screen writer who wrote *To Mary With Love* and had only moderate success otherwise, just sold *The Bright Promise* to 20th Century-Fox for \$350,000 and that included only screen rights," says Gutterman. "Frederic Wakeman, who had only one novel published previously, wrote *The Hucksters*, which M-G-M bought for \$200,000. He has now sold his new novel, *The Saxon Charm*, to Universal-International for \$200,000 plus 10 percent of the gross profits. This one deal can make him a million. Producer Edward Gross paid Benedict and Nancy Freedman \$200,000 for the screen rights to *Mrs. Mike*, which will be filmed for United Artists release. Lion Feuchtwanger sold *Proud Destiny* to Enterprise for \$350,000. William Wister Haines's *Command Decision* went to M-G-M for \$300,000. Thomas Costain's *The Black Rose* sold for \$200,000."

All of which reminds me—some day I must take time out and write a novel.

The Shows For The Boys In Uniform Go On

Ordinarily I don't go for a lot of statistics, but the USO Camp Shows 1946 program was so ambitious, despite the fact the war was over, that I think the readers of this magazine, all of whom are probably acquainted first hand with the outfit, might be interested. What is interesting to me is the fact that things like this continue after the war. There are a lot of guys—and gals—who haven't yet gone through separation centers and I'm glad they are getting attention.

Anyhow, USO Camp Shows entertained 39,759,462 servicemen and hospitalized veterans both here and abroad in 1946. Groups serving the Hospital Circuit gave a total of 18,783 performances in 147 hospitals. They also entertained 2,763,681 men during 6232 play dates at 121 separate Veterans Administration Hospitals. Of the 135 companies sent overseas last year, seventy-four were variety units, eight were companies presenting Broadway musicals, thirty-three units comprised the casts of twenty-three legitimate productions, eight were concert groups, three were sports figures, there were five "name" bands and four sketch artists.

Peace Can Be Sad, Too

The Bishop's Wife, to be released in November by Samuel Goldwyn, with Cary Grant, Loretta Young, David Niven and James Gleason, is interesting to me because of the last two named. Both Mrs. Niven and Mrs. Gleason died while their husbands were working on the picture. And both David and Jimmie are real veterans.

Gleason spent fifteen years in the Army



REEVES FABRICS

make strong, sturdy
UNIFORMS...WORK AND SPORT CLOTHES

Ask your dealer for uniforms, work and sport clothes of Reeves Fabrics. Reeves Army Twill*, of which Uncle Sam bought 90 million yards, insures extra wearability and good looks. Demand Glengorrie Poplin* for matching shirts.



*Sanforized—residual shrinkage less than 1%
REEVES BROS., INC.
54 Worth St., New York 13, N.Y.



GET BIG DAILY CASH PROFITS
—from the only complete HISTORY OF WORLD WAR II (Armed Services Memorial Edition). Every home and business a prospect! 1100 page giant volume; 200 photos, maps; exhaustive Index; Personal Service Record. Hurry for profit deal!

UNIVERSAL BOOK & BIBLE HOUSE
1018-L Arch St., Phila., Pa.

NEW HELP FOR RUPTURE

is the amazing Treatise which explains simple, inexpensive, easy, proven way for curbing your rupture, right at home. This proven way has helped many rupture sufferers quickly. So don't let your rupture get worse. Send for FREE details today. Mailed in plain, sealed envelope. No obligation.

BRADNER PUBLISHING CO.
ESTABLISHED 1933 DEPT. R, DIXON, ILL.

INVENTORS

Patent laws encourage the development of inventions. Our firm is registered to practice before the U. S. Patent Office. Write for further particulars as to patent protection and procedure and "Invention Record" form at once. No obligation.

McMORROW, BERMAN & DAVIDSON
Registered Patent Attorneys
146-K Victor Building, Washington 1, D. C.

Watch the Smoke Curl

Kentucky Tavern BARBECUE ASH TRAY

ALSO AN INCENSE BURNER!
It's different! It's beautiful! It's useful... attractive for home and office. Handcolored to look like the real firestones. Smoke curls out the chimney. Holds generous supply of cigarettes and matches. Has metal fireplace grill cover which lifts out to remove ashes. Ideal gift. \$1.98—includes a package of incense.

Rush this COUPON

SEND NO MONEY! ILLINOIS MERCHANDISE MART
Dept. 1490, 1227 LOYOLA AVENUE, CHICAGO 26, ILLINOIS
[] Rush Barbecue Ash Tray C.O.D. for \$1.98 on money back guarantee.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____



AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE

over a period of thirty years. He was in and out several times. He served in the Philippines, on the Mexican border, and was in military intelligence in World War I. They passed him up for World War II, but Jimmie and his late wife, old troupers, couldn't just stand by. They were Hollywood's most active USO workers.

Niven met and married Primula Rollo in 1940 while she was serving with the *WAAF* and he with the Commandos. Niven, a native of England, had graduated from that government's West Point (Sandhurst) as



Lovely Penny Edwards becomes an honorary colonel. Giving her "the bird" is Jerry Hall, Commander of Hollywood Post No. 43

an officer and served his country long before he came to America and the screen. With England at war again, Niven left Hollywood on Oct. 1, 1939, for his home country, volunteered for the Army and served with the Rifle Brigade, a famous regiment, until after Dunkirk; then in the Commandos; then to the secret Phantom Reconnaissance Regiment; and finally with the liberation army.

Making *The Bishop's Wife* was not an easy job for either Jimmie or David.

The British Are Coming

Paramount executives have announced that their theatres will henceforth extend more playdates to British pictures.

J. Arthur Rank, the Cecil B. DeMille of England, has been making the rounds of Hollywood and New York whooping it up for his films.

The luxury liners are generously sprinkled with Hollywoodites as they trek abroad to make pictures. And their westward cargo includes a lot of film from the British studios for American showings.

M-G-M is scheduling a \$125,000,000 budget for building studios and filming

pictures at Elstree, England, during the next ten years.

Alexander Korda is beginning a \$4,000,000 film project at Sound City, England. What's it all about?

Two things. One is that Rank is trying to establish English films in this country for the folding money returns they bring. He visualizes at least \$12,000,000 a year at the start. The other is that the American companies want some of the European money, want to meet competition more than half way, want cheaper production costs, want to avoid some of the import-export red tape and expense, and want to pep up some of their films with more authentic old world background.

That the English invasion sounds serious to some is due to two factors. First, while Mr. Rank has made a fine reputation for himself as a great motion picture executive, we know he has been abetted by a superb publicity campaign which was effective because Rank's visit here and the attendant publicity was followed by the release of many excellent pictures. Secondly, we must bear in mind that England sends us only its best pictures. We don't see its flops. But we do see Hollywood's bad ones and a lot of people jump at comparisons.

With mass production, Rank is bound to produce some good films. And he'll see to it that they play our theaters, just as today his *Great Expectations* and *Odd Man Out* are making the circuits. But such things as *Beware of Pity* with Lilli Palmer, *Men of Two Worlds* with Leslie Banks and Phyllis Calvert, and *Caravan* with Stewart Granger aren't top-notch and may never reach American soil.

Another factor is that Americans have their favorite stars. Unless British-made films can offer stars favored by U. S. audiences, they must stand alone on sheer greatness of story and presentation.

The Pinkish Glow

While we must leave it for the daily press to keep you advised of the stir being created as the House Committee on Un-American Activities continues its investigation into the pinkish glow over Hollywood, we do want to pass on a few highlights:

A group known as "Contemporary Writers" has been formed here and, according to its own advertisement in the communist newspaper, "People's Daily World," describes itself as "a countrywide organization of Marxist and anti-fascist writers." Could anything be clearer?

A. M. Gerasimov, a citizen of Russia, and a Stalin prize winner in 1943 for a Russian movie, admits that the *Song of Russia*, the film that Robert Taylor claims he was forced to make, was permeated with a sympathetic attitude toward the USSR. But, he says, "there was a time when it was stylish to become enthusiastic in one's sympathies toward the Soviet Union. Hollywood made quite a bit of money out of it

and so did Robert Taylor." Could anything be clearer?

On the other side of the fence comes the statement of Eric Johnston that "We are determined that subversive propaganda, government pressure or political censorship will never undermine a free screen. I don't like American communists. They are a disruptive force in American government. American industry and American labor. They would destroy all that we have achieved. Bluntly, I think American communists are treasonable and subversive. They are potential foreign agents—they are dupes and suckers for the fourteen men who sit in the Kremlin and pull the strings which make communists toe the party line everywhere." Then the Association of Motion Picture Producers, which Johnston heads, hired James F. Brynes, former Secretary of State, to help guide the destinies of the industry. Could anything be clearer?

Net result: regardless of any action the Congress may take, the investigation has brought to light the fact that there is a communist influence in Hollywood that can become serious; and, it has awakened the industry to take steps to combat such influence.

In fairness to most film executives, producers and directors it must be said that the charge of communism is not leveled against them. The trouble has been caused by a lot of writers who have injected hidden meanings into pictures; to a lot of actors and actresses who have the soap-box speaking fever and will spout off on civil liberties at the drop of a mascaraed eye lash; and to an element within the town who are not in the movies but would like to be and try to inject themselves into anything that might put them in good with the screwballs.

So, we think, it's good that it all came out into the open.

THE END





The Rube and the Slicker

By Harold Helfer

As a pitcher, Rube Waddell was the Bobby Feller of his day. Or, if you're an old-timer, you'd say Bobby Feller is the Rube Waddell of today.

Anyway, the Rube was a fair chunker, of that there can be no doubt. While toiling for the Philadelphia Athletics, he struck out 343 batters in one season, a record which stood up for a quarter of a century until Feller beat the mark in 1946.

Once the Athletics came to St. Louis to take on the Browns in an important series and none other than the one and only Rube was slated to pitch the opening game for the Brotherly Love Boys. The morning of the game a St. Louis player, whose name is now lost in antiquity, drew Waddell in conversation.

"I've been hearing a lot of things about you," said the Brownie.

"Yeah?" said the Rube.

The St. Louis player let go a stream of tobacco juice. Then he said:

"Yeah, and I don't believe everything I hear. I don't think your pitching arm is all that good. In fact, I am of the opinion that most of the things I've been reading is just a lot of newspaper bunk."

"Oh, yeah?"

Some more tobacco juice sped its way.

"Yeah. I think I'm as good as you."

"Talk is cheap."

"I'm the kind of guy that puts up or shuts up," said the St. Louis man. "I'll bet you \$5 that I can throw a truer strike across the plate from centerfield than you can."

"You're on!" said the Rube.

The two men went out to the empty ball park and walked out into centerfield.

The St. Louis player threw a ball in the direction of the plate. It missed its mark by about a half dozen feet.

The Rube wound up and heaved.

It was a perfect strike, flush across the plate.

"You win," acknowledged the St. Louis player. "But I'll bet you can't do it again."

Waddell obliged by duplicating the feat.

"Still think it's luck," said the St. Louis player, who, as you may have surmised by now, was quite a slicker.

Rube let go another pitch at the plate from centerfield.

The St. Louis player remained "unconvinced," however, for the better part of an hour, although Rube kept chunking one ball after another that long distance with almost incredible perfection.

Finally, the exhibition had to come to a halt.

Unable to control a grin, the St. Louis player gave the Rube his \$5 and walked away looking for all the world like the cat that swallowed the prize goldfish.

"Boys, this game is in the bag," he was telling his colleagues in the locker room a little while later. "If Rube Waddell shows up on the mound, which is doubtful, he won't be able to throw a pebble three feet."

Howsomever, this prediction was not quite borne out by the facts. Rube Waddell not only went out on the mound but, if anything, he was in even more superb form than usual. His control was well-nigh perfection itself, his speed blinding. He struck out a dozen men. Philadelphia won hands down.

When the final St. Louis out was made, the Rube walked over to the player with whom he had made the \$5 bet and gave him the money back.

"Here, I don't want the money," he said. "I owe you a lot of thanks for warming me up with that practice this morning."

Shoots Light 800 Ft!

A genuine Delta for home and away. Spot-light and floodlight. 80-100 hrs. on one battery. At hardware, sport and electrical stores. **\$3.95** Less battery...

Delta Electric Co.
Marion, Indiana



POWERlite 2-LITE ELECTRIC LANTERN



GUARANTEED TO PLAY NEW 1948 MODEL

on local stations if complete instructions sent are followed. Use it at home, in bed, in many offices, hotels, cabins—most anywhere! HUNDREDS OF SATISFIED CUSTOMERS ALL OVER THE WORLD!
SEND ONLY \$1.00 (Cash, M.O. Check) and pay postman \$2.99 plus delivery less on arrival or send \$3.99 for Post Paid delivery. Complete as shown—ready to play with self contained personal phone. WONDERFUL GIFTS FOR CHILDREN! Order now at this low bargain price—Prompt shipment on orders sent now—today! Be the first to get YOUR Pakette Radio! (All foreign orders \$5.00 U.S. cash with order.)

Pa-Kette Radio Co., Inc. Dept. AL-10, Kearney, Nebr.

SHINE WITHOUT 'POLISH'



SAMPLES FOR AGENTS Sample offer sent immediately to all who send name at once. A penny postal will do. **SEND NO MONEY—just your name.** **KRISTEE CO., 1452 Bar Street, AKRON, OHIO**

SPORTING GOODS RETAILERS

LEGIONNAIRES who own or operate Sporting Goods Stores! Take advantage of The American Legion Magazine Merchandising Plan. For further details, write to:

THE AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE
ONE PARK AVENUE • NEW YORK 16, N. Y.

NAUSEA

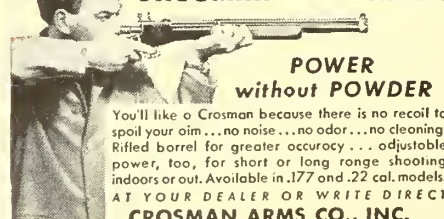
due to motion upsetting the organs of balance, relieved with

For Land and Sea travel. Results guaranteed or money refunded.

THE WORLD OVER



CROSMAN Silent RIFLE




Once upon a time, if a hat fit you wore it. Now the salesman has to plot your cranial contours, estimate your ear elevation and calculate your nose and eyebrow angles.

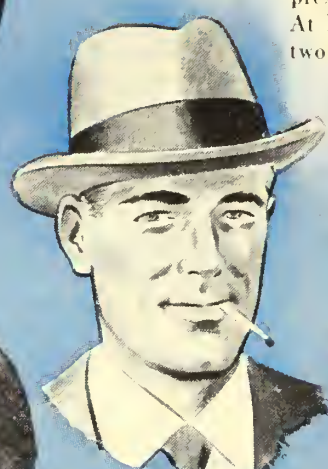
By PAUL ANDREWS

Hats begin with faces. When you glance over a lot of men in a crowd, the chief impression is that the hat and the face are one. At least, that is the effect achieved, if the two are blended.


But blending hats to faces is not as easy as it sounds. Consider the variety of faces we see around us! Some are fat and agreeable—that's the well-fed, money-in-the-bank type of face; it wins your good will instantly. Others are




A gray Homburg by Knox carries a note of distinction




Mallory's smart "Academy" brown snap brim with a black band



Adam reports wide popularity for its "Mainliner"



Stetson features a pebble-grain "Casual" for informal wear



Science of Hats

thin and angular—the intellectual type, perhaps. Then too the features have a lot to do with it. Are the ears big? Is the nose over-long? And this is most important, facially speaking—does he have a receding chin?

So the hat, in truth, has a difficult task to perform. It must be all things to all men. Properly chosen, it can do wonders for the face.

Civilization, which has done so much for us in this atomic age, has even evolved a code for hat-selection.

A good hat salesman will take stock of the statistics in the structure of your face before handing you a model to try on. He will if he's up on modern hat merchandising, which requires that he know not only hats but the

kinds of heads they have to adorn.

The truth about hats is that they can do you a big favor or a dirty trick, depending on whether or not you make a wise selection. Basically, it boils down to this: a big hat with a wide brim for a big man; a smaller hat with a narrower brim for a small man. From here on you're on your own, because style is a matter of individual taste.

Take the homburg. (1) In fact, take the pearl gray homburg. There's a worldly air about it that spells *savoir-faire*. If you're about six feet tall with a dash of gray at your temples you're a natural for a homburg. Try one and watch the girls execute a discreet but admiring double take.

If you're a stickler for correctness at all times, a brown snap brim (2) with a fairly wide black band is a sound investment. With it you get an additional individual smartness.

No hat, however, has a more distinctive and thoroughly American history than the wide-brimmed "western." (3) Here epitomized in swinging broad lines, is the whole rugged character of our pioneer West. Wide-brimmed to shield its wearer from the torrid suns of the plains, it has won friends in States and climates far removed from the region of its origin. Understandably the man who wears a "western" is rugged, athletic and indifferent to criticism. He's at peace with the world.

If you're using the GI Bill of Rights to get yourself an education, the pork-pie model (4) is probably one of your favorites. Popular with sportsmen as well as on campus, the pork-pie is a favorite with men who like to be well-dressed in their most casual moments.

Just as the shape of the hat will bring out traits of personality, so too with other style points—even so small a matter as the width or color of the hat-band. The conservative citizen, of course, likes to follow the crowd; so he wears the customary wide band, though even there he can add a touch of individuality by selecting a band differing in color from the hat itself. When you see a man wearing one of the newer very narrow hat-bands, however, it's a safe bet that he is independent by nature. He wants to register his freedom from convention—so he picks the hat with the unusually narrow band.

All-in-all, a man *can* be judged by his hat! Of course, it won't perform a major operation. It won't change the shape of his nose—and it won't give a World War I veteran the enviable figure of a veteran of World War II. But it can, when carefully chosen, add a definite smartness to his appearance. And that—if we are to believe the psychologists—is a definite factor in creating the self-confidence that makes for success.

In summary, a general rule of thumb may prove helpful; let your personal tastes guide your selection of style and color, but when you come to choosing the width of a brim or the height of a crown, use your head.

Smooth, Easy Shaves Cost Next To Nothing With The . . .

STROPPING
RENEWES EDGE
FOR
EVERY SHAVE



RAZOR,
STROP AND
5 VALET BLADES

\$1.25

LIKE SHAVING
WITH
NEW BLADE
EVERY TIME



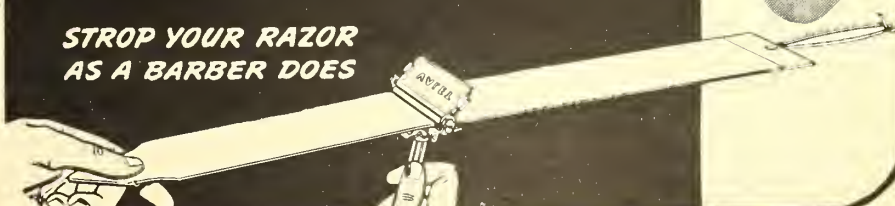
BLADES LAST
AND LAST...
YOU
REALLY SAVE



FIVE FEATURES THAT SPELL FASTER, SMOOTHER SHAVES AT A REAL SAVING

- 1 **SELF-SHARPENING.** Stropping keeps blade shaving like new day after day.
- 2 **ONE-PIECE CONSTRUCTION.** You clean and strop blade right in razor.
- 3 **STREAMLINE RUNNER-GUARD[®]** protects your face . . . eliminates drag and pull.
- 4 **EASY-OPENING CLIPS** make blade changing a cinch. No fumbling.
- 5 **VALET BLADES** of finest steel are specially tempered for stropping.

**STROP YOUR RAZOR
AS A BARBER DOES**



Parting Shots

Merry-Go-Round

It seems we have a very odd
Paradox before us:
The blunt people come to the point,
but then,
The dull ones always bore us.
John E. Donovan

Reconversion

Even the peculiar wartime GI talk has been subject to reconversion. During War II the following unofficial regulations governed GI activities:

If it moves, salute it.
If it doesn't move, pick it up.
If you can't pick it up, paint it.

Recently, Attorney General Tom Clark advised a group of veterans in Washington, D. C., that these regulations have been changed to a peacetime plane, as:

If it cries, change it.
If it's on wheels, buy it.
If it's hollow, rent it.

Bargain

A one-time Army captain now back to his peacetime job as midwestern sales manager for a large company, pulled his car into a country gas station and was surprised and delighted to find that the proprietor was a former corporal from his old outfit. As they talked over old times the ex-captain noticed a small two-seater training plane in a field behind the gas station. The young attendant proudly admitted that the plane was his and asked the captain if he'd like to go up for a ride.

When they reached 5000 feet and miles of hilly wooded country spread out beneath them, the former corporal leaned toward the captain's ear and shouted over the roar of the egg-beater engine: "How do you like it?"

"First rate," the captain answered.

"I got it at a terrific bargain," the young station attendant enthusiastically announced, "It's condemned."

—By Roger Pettit

And Back

Man boasts no trick
Of which he's fonder,
Than getting quick
From here to yonder.

—By S. Omar Barker

Psychological Note

My ego
Makes me go.
—By A. A. Lattimer

Explanation

At a separation center, a corporal was holding a class on government insurance. He went into detail as to why the men should keep up their policies. Noticing that his class was about to fall asleep, the corporal injected some double-talk to pep up his lecture.

"This insurance imbilutes the nabutation of any easterooning," the corporal said. "Too, if you elect to parderize your skimp-tion you'll receive a fraxity."

The corporal looked at his class. "Are there any questions?" he asked.

"Yes," remarked a tired voice in the rear. "Will you please explain what a fraxity is?"—By Stanley G. Grayovski

Safety First

In the midst of the fierce battle for Okinawa there appeared in the areas held by the 77th Infantry Division several neatly lettered signs exhorting the men to be more devoted to their personal health habits.

Whichever way the Liberty Division boys happened to turn, they were faced with such slogans as, "Wear your helmet—not for looks, but for safety!"

Another one was, "Bury all cans—not for looks, but for safety!"

One front line unit aptly expressed their idea of the whole situation with several large signs prominently displayed throughout their war-torn area stating, "Take us home—not for looks, but for safety!"

—By Marshall K. McClelland

Keeping Their Distance

As a woman should know, if her wits are at par

And she savvies a smile from a lecr,
Some women are not to be trusted too far,
Some men can't be trusted too near.

—by Richard Armour

Home Boys

The main idea of various entertainment and educational programs instituted by the army on lonely Pacific islands was to alleviate the boredom and resulting home sickness.

A GI "Hit Parade" contest was held on one barren atoll by the Special Services Officer. He wanted to determine the men's favorite records so that he could obtain them from the rear areas and surprise the GIs some night with a popular music program. He thought that he would really be accomplishing the idea of his program in this manner.

The idea was not a complete success, however. The final tabulation showed the ten top favorites of the lonely soldiers to be:

- (1) Show Me the Way to Go Home
- (2) Hurry Home
- (3) Home Sweet Home
- (4) There's No Place Like Home
- (5) Home On the Range
- (6) My Old Kentucky Home
- (7) Back Home in Indiana
- (8) My Blue Ridge Mountain Home
- (9) My Home in Illinois
- (10) Home in San Antonio

—By Marshall K. McClelland

Concrete Information

Little drops of water,
Little grains of grit,
When you want to build a
house,

Cost you quite a bit!

—S. Omar Barker

Tough Luck Lochivar

The Romeo of the 358th wasn't getting anywhere with his date. "Do you smoke?" he finally asked.

"Nah," she answered.

"Do you drink?"

She shook her head.

"Neck?"

"Nope."

"Eat hay?"

"Of course not."

"Gosh, woman," he exclaimed, "you're not fit company for man or beast."

—By Stanley J. Meyer

Home of the Brave

Many a man has been called on the carpet for dropping ashes on the rug.

—A. A. Lattimer



"Hey Boss, anything else around here need cleaning?"

AMERICAN LEGION MAGAZINE



Your face will light up, too!

JUST the *sight* of a cool, sparkling glass of Blatz Beer puts a big smile on thirsty folks' faces. And Blatz *tastes* as refreshing as it *looks* . . . for this grand brew has been mellowed to the very peak of flavor. Brewed *only in Milwaukee* for 96 years, Blatz is Milwaukee's *first* bottled beer. If you can't get Blatz now, please be patient. We're growing as fast as good building and good brewing will let us . . . to bring Blatz to your neighborhood soon.

Milwaukee's first... America's finest... Bottled beer

© 1947, Blatz Brewing Co., Established 1851 in Milwaukee, Wisconsin



"Experience is the Best Teacher!"

in aerial acrobatics—
and in smoking too,"
says **ROSE GOULD**,
aerial sensation of
the Big Top

SHE'S 75 FEET
UP—WITH NO
NET BELOW! IT'S THE MOST
DARING AERIAL ACT I'VE SEEN YET!

ROSE GOULD HANGS BY HER HEELS—WITH NO
OTHER SUPPORT AND NO NET—IN A
STUNT THAT MAKES EVEN VETERAN
CIRCUS HANDS BLINK!

YES, SHE FELL ONCE—
CABLE BROKE—THIS
IS HER FIRST
APPEARANCE
SINCE

SHE'S
GETTING
READY FOR
THE DIVE
NOW

FROM 75
FEET UP—
WITH NO
NET...

...SHE DIVES INTO SPACE!!

— STOPPED BY THE ROPES
AROUND HER ANKLES—
ONLY THREE FEET
FROM THE GROUND!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

I'VE SEEN THRILLING
PERFORMANCES, MISS
GOULD—BUT NOTHING
TO MATCH YOURS

HAVE A CAMEL—
AND TELL US HOW
YOU DEVELOPED
THOSE STUNTS

I LEARNED FROM
EXPERIENCE... JUST AS I
LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE
THAT CAMEL IS THE
CIGARETTE FOR ME

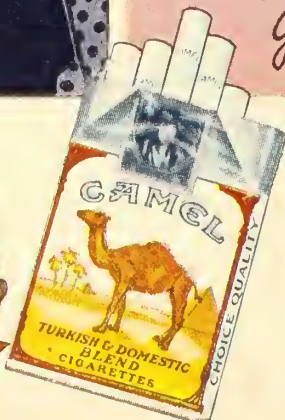
I SMOKED
MANY BRANDS DURING
THE WARTIME CIGARETTE
SHORTAGE—CAMELS
SUIT ME BEST!

*Rose
Gould*

Featured aerialist of Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey Circus

Your "T-ZONE"
will tell you...
T FOR TASTE...
T FOR THROAT...

That's your proving ground
for any cigarette. See
if Camels don't
suit your "T-ZONE"
to a "T"



MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING
Camels
THAN EVER BEFORE